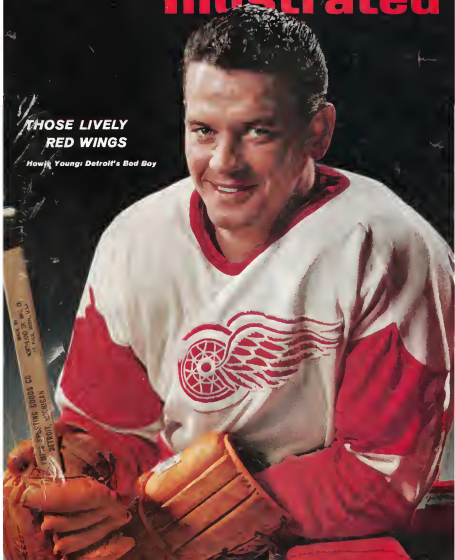


# Sports Illustrated

JANUARY 26, 1963 25 CENTS

## THOSE LIVELY RED WINGS

Howie Young: Detroit's Red Boy





Visit by Long Distance...when you can't  
be with those you love. It's the next best thing  
to being there.



**BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**  
Keep in touch by Long Distance

# A new kind of enjoyment for the follower of Sports

This is a special invitation for the man with a love of sports in his veins—the enthusiastic follower of big stadium events through every season of the year. Here is a new pleasure for your leisure hours...a new way to increase your enjoyment and appreciation of every major sport...to get to know the stars of sport, learn what makes them "tick"...to see the world of the pros from the inside...to become an "expert" on the fine points of strategy and play. It's a great idea in reading, entertainment for men—brought to you by the new **SPORTS BOOK LEAGUE**. Read the special offer below.

Accept this Introductory Membership Offer from

## THE SPORTS BOOK LEAGUE

The Book Club for Real Sport Fans

# ANY 2

OF THESE GREAT SPORT BOOKS

# for only \$1



**NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME** the spirit of big league sports is brought to you in its depth and detail more often, wanted through a new book club planned just for you. The Sports Book League selects each month — at members' low prices — the most exciting and important new books for the collector of these full football, basketball, boxing, hockey, golf — every major game.

These books give you a broad knowledge of sports, their colorful personalities — the great teams — the big moments of action that bring moving crowds to their feet — in a way that the daily sport page has neither the time nor space to give you. You get the kind of revealing, stimulating talk you would hear in famed team quarters — in the clubhouse — in a champagne-living room. Here is not a trivia dictionary that can replace your enjoyment of every sport event you watch.

**Save 30% to 50% on the books you buy**

You do not have to buy a book every month. Your only obligation as a member is to accept at least 4 selections as alternatives during the coming year. But every four books you do buy, you may choose a fourth book FREE! — from a special list of special volumes and other leisure-time books.

Selections of The Sports Book League are of permanent interest and value. They add up to a magnificent reading and reference library of sports which you will be proud to display — and which you will use to settle the arguments that arise whenever real sport devotees get together.

**Send no money—just mail the coupon**

To become a member and receive any 2 of the great sports volumes shown here for only \$1 plus shipping, mail the coupon today. If not delighted, return both books and your membership will be cancelled. Sports Book League, Garden City, New York.



414 The story of professional football and its stars in a magnificent new book by Bill Dwyer.



405 The story of professional football and its stars in a magnificent new book by Bill Dwyer.

### MAIL THIS COUPON—SEND NO MONEY

THE SPORTS BOOK LEAGUE, 3-XS-1  
GARDEN CITY, NEW YORK

Please send me a complete and complete list of the books you have for the year. I will select my 4 books from this list.

400 401 402 403 404 405 406 407  
408 409 410 411 412 413 414 415 416

If I am delighted with the books, I will keep them and pay only \$1 plus shipping. My only obligation thereafter is to buy at least four of the selections or alternatives to be offered by the Club during the coming year — at savings of 30% to 50% from the price of replacement volume. With each fourth book FREE, I may choose a Free Bonus Book from your special list.

**NO RISK GUARANTEE** If not fully pleased with my selections, please return them to me within 7 days and my membership will be cancelled.

Name

Please Print

Address

City &

State

Zip

Send no money—just mail the coupon

3-50-1



## When you need more than an honest face

Your profile may be as rich in rectitude as the man above, but this is small comfort when the dinner check is \$11.40 and you have only 10 dollars in your wallet.

Carte Blanche, to be sure, will save you the embarrassment of being caught short of cash, but its real blessing is that it minimizes the annoying trivia of a busy business life.

You can charge almost all your needs

with Carte Blanche—a night's lodging, meals, a rented car, even flowers for a customer's wife. And with Carte Blanche you have a written record of all your expenditures. Very handy under the new tax law.

A Carte Blanche card also automatically ranks you among the solid financial citizenry. Which is why it's called the credit card that carries more weight. Isn't this the card for your wallet?



**THE CREDIT CARD THAT  
CARRIES MORE WEIGHT**

We invite you to apply: Carte Blanche, 8544 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 69, Calif.

# Contents

JANUARY 28, 1963 Volume 18, Number 4  
Cover photograph by John G. Zimmerman

## 10 The Shadow over Pro Football

*Betting by naive players in the NFL is threatening the future of an essentially sound and honest game*

## 12 A Dash of Style for Track

*Germany's casual sprinter, Jutta Heye, injects a note of glamour into the huddling outdoor season*

## 16 The Run for the Cheeses

*Deprived by snowbound racetracks of their legitimate livelihood, British bookies turn to mouse racing*

## 18 Mossie Murphy's Crusade

*Fat, sour, indefatigable Mossie drives the Duquesne jockeys to distraction with his ever-ready support*

## 24 High Voltage in Detroit

*Nine pages of color and text on the liveliest team and the liveliest star in hockey*

## 35 A White New Year

*That's what they've been dreaming of at Wimbledon, and the result is a pleasing fashion trend*

## 42 New Kind of Fishing Tournament

*The Sailfish Club of Florida comes up with a contest that really tests a fisherman's skill*

## 48 The Am in Pro-Am

*The pros and celebrities are the news at the Crosby, but it's the amateurs that make this golf event unique*

## The departments

- |                  |                      |
|------------------|----------------------|
| 5 Scorecard      | 46 Bridge            |
| 35 Sporting Look | 54 For the Record    |
| 41 Boating       | 55 Basketball's Week |
| 42 Fishing       | 57 19th Hole         |
| 44 Boxing        |                      |



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, published weekly by Time Inc., 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill., except one issue at year end. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in each U.S. and Canadian subscription \$6.75 a year. This issue published in national edition only.

Acknowledgments on page 54

## Next week

SCENE MONACO is the focus of famed European travel, Kenneth Ruden reports on 1 and's first entry there and on two spectacular drivers from Sweden—blonde and ferocious.

VALERI BRUNEL, the world's best high jumper, who returns this week to compete in the U.S., tells of his life as Master of Soviet Sport and of his mastery of the art of leaping.

RAPACIOUS HUNTER of the sky, the prying hawk for centuries has given pleasure to men who train him. Ed Gilbert's evocative essay reveals the unique joys of the falconer.



# SCORECARD

## THE PAX MacARTHUR

After nine hours of uninterrupted debate—no lunch, no dinner, no candy bars—the war between the AAU and the NCAA was settled Saturday night. The settlement ended the boycotts and suspensions which have threatened our Olympic program in recent weeks and it forced the AAU to share a chunk of its previously exclusive power as well as to recognize the newly formed U.S. Track and Field Federation.

Pretty much by fiat of General of the Army Douglas MacArthur, appointed by President Kennedy to resolve the dispute, an Olympic Eligibility Board will be formed, with three members representing the AAU and three representing the USTFF, the latter as agent of the NCAA and affiliate members. The AAU continues as international representative to the International Track and Field Federation, world governing body, but its policies in that area, insofar as the 1964 Olympics are concerned, must be formed with the assistance of the colleges.

The solution is all to the good, and very close to what we have recommended as making obvious sense—very close, in fact, to what was negotiated by Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy when he attempted to mediate the dispute. That mediation, accepted by the AAU negotiators, was repudiated by the AAU membership, a rejection that led to the President's power play. When General MacArthur took over it was not as a mediator but as an arbitrator, and he will remain arbitrator until after the 1964 Olympics, when an athletic congress probably will be called by the President to devise a permanent plan for peace in sport.

Not since 1905, when Teddy Roosevelt called in representatives of Harvard, Yale and Princeton and told them to clean up football or else, has the prestige of the presidency been so used in sport. It is unfortunate that grown men could not have settled their problems without government intervention. It is unfortunate that even now they cannot

be trusted to build an Olympic team without an all-powerful arbitrator to force them to make intelligent decisions, or to make them himself if they cannot. In a democracy such power should come from the freely given consent of the governed. The AAU and NCAA did not freely give consent to arbitration but, in a way, they asked for it.

## FISH FINGERS

The seven-pound steelhead that Ken Buntrock had just landed from the Mattole River in California was still wriggling on the bank. Suddenly there appeared from the brush another fisherman, a stranger. After examining the fish, the stranger unsling a walke-talkie from his shoulder and began to broadcast. More walke-talkie bearers converged from the trees in answer to the scout. When the group numbered seven, and they all had their rods ready for action, Buntrock silently picked up his fish and took a walke.

## STRAIGHT AS AN ARROW

Gadgets in sport often is an affliction. The simplest gear usually is the best. Now comes an archery gadget, unveiled this week at Chicago's Sporting Goods Show, that may be an exception to the rule. It is a telescopic sight, to be attached to the bow just above the archer's grip, and it is said to do wonders for accuracy.

Dr. O. A. Stienon, a Madison, Wis. radiologist and archer, dreamed it up and Norland Associates Inc., an engineering firm that devised an electric can opener, developed it.

The sight, weighing only 5½ ounces, magnifies the target either two or four times, depending on the model, and also, with the aid of a pair of prisms, enables one to tilt the bow at just the right elevation to get the proper trajectory. A graduated dial lets you set the range at anywhere from 0 to 125 yards without moving the sight on the bow. Instead of the usual sighting dot, or cross hair, the bowsight injects a tiny beam of red light into the center position in such a way

that its rays are parallel to those coming from the target. The dot seems to be planted right on the target.

Much has been done to improve bows, bowstrings and arrows since the Battle of Hastings, but pointing the arrow has not improved a whit until now. Gilbert Boemig, president of the National Field Archery Association, has not yet seen the bowsight, but as it has been described to him he feels that it does not violate NFAA rules, which prohibit use of range finders or of any device that is an aid in establishing the distance of any shot.

## LADIES ALL

Female soccer players, according to Mr. Percy Ashley, a 73-year-old retired scrap merchant of Manchester, England, have better natures and are better travelers than the males. In 1949 he founded the Cornthian Ladies' Football Club because his daughter liked the game. It now has 50 players, their ages ranging from 13 to 27, and when not playing soccer they work as mill hands, secretaries and at assorted tasks.

Mr. Ashley's girls have played 344 matches in 14 seasons, have won 313, lost 15 and tied 16. They have booted a total



of 2,145 goals and had only 400 scored against them. They have toured continental Europe, parts of Latin America, the British West Indies and Ireland, meeting and usually beating the best.

On a recent tour the Cornthians left Manchester at 4 p.m. in a bus, traveled 200 miles to London, caught the midnight plane to Germany, took a bus to Essen, slept 2½ hours, toured Essen, played a soccer match at Bochum (a tie), got to bed at one in the morning, rose at

continued



## Are alcohol and a nice fragrance all you can expect in an after-shave?

Not in Yardley's. Besides its famous fragrance and a measure of refreshing alcohol, you get a moisture ingredient designed to keep your face from feeling taut or chapped. A high-powered bacteria check that helps prevent infections and irritations from shaving. A healing agent that actually helps heal shaving nicks and scrapes. And a lubricant that replaces some of the natural oils you shave away every day. What's surprising is that Yardley can add so many beneficial qualities to their After Shaving Lotion... and still come up smelling like YARDLEY.

## SCORECARD

six, were on the 250-mile road to Stuttgart by eight, played another game (another tie), took another bus to Frankfurt, flew to London, went back to Manchester by bus and arrived there Monday morning at eight, which left them half an hour to get to their jobs.

"Some of our brawny, highly paid men footballers would faint at the very idea of a tour like that," Mr. Ashley says admiringly.

Some of our brawny, highly paid baseball players, complaining about the rigors of a 162-game season, have already fainted, just from reading this.

## THE INSIDE TRACK

- Roger Maris, a hard bargainer with the Yankees last year, has reportedly consented to a \$15,000 salary cut this year. He was paid something like \$60,000 in 1962.

- J. Walter Kennedy, ex-Notre Dame publicist and first publicity man for the National Basketball Association, now serving his third term as mayor of Stamford, Conn., is foremost candidate to succeed Maurice Podoloff as president of the NBA.

- The Iron Curtain's only professional sportsman, Laszlo Papp, European middleweight boxing champion, probably will retire this year to train the Hungarian team for the Tokyo Olympics. Before that he plans a grandstand farewell in Budapest's People's Stadium against a top opponent, his first professional fight in Hungary and Hungary's only pro fight since the war.

- America's top jockey in 1962, Ronnie Ferraro, has first call to ride the horses of the Greentree Stable of John Hay (Jack) Whitney and Joan Payson through the current Hialeah meeting and probably will be signed to ride all their horses in 1963.

## BY NO MEANS HUNGRY FIGHTER

Directors of the Murray (Utah) State Bank sat down last week to fill a vacancy on the board. Pined in nomination was the name of a man who owns a large mink ranch in nearby West Jordan; has a stable of prizewinning quarter horses; is a church elder, owns several acres of valuable land; and, of course, has plenty of money in the bank. He was elected unanimously.

The new bank director arose, smiled, thanked the directors for the honor, and hoped that the next meeting of the board

continued





## The Eye Specialist

For the next week, the radar on this Astrojet won't see anything but Tulsa.

Every time we overhaul a jet at our Tulsa base, the whole radar system is removed and taken completely apart.

First, each part is cleaned—of nicotine stains, for one thing.

(Cigarette smoke from the cabin gets in our Astrojet's eye.)

Then come lab tests—and 100% is the only passing mark. Transmitter signals are tested in a block of lead so they won't fly around and hurt anybody.

Next, we put in new parts (bearings, brushes, etc.), and put the units back together. And we shoot for even closer tolerances than when they were new.

Now we set the system up in a tower

to see if it knows where Tulsa is. And then, if it's perfect, we test it again in the air on the Astrojet itself.

The job takes 46 men—and each has a First or Second Class radio license. Quite a status symbol in radio circles.

And this is just for the radar. Our total overhaul staff is 2300. Imagine what we do to the rest of the plane.

Astrojet is a Service Mark of American Airlines, Inc.

**AMERICAN AIRLINES**  
AMERICA'S LEADING AIRLINE



would not be on February 23. Bunker Gene Fullmer explained bashfully that he will be out of town on that date, trying to regain the world's middleweight boxing championship from Dick Tiger in Las Vegas.

#### COURTLY TENNIS

With good will and gentility, an excellent field of court tennis professionals and amateurs met last week at the Racquet Club of Philadelphia to compete and co-exist. This has yet to happen in lawn tennis but it may some day come to pass. The occasion was the U.S. Open Court Tennis Singles Tournament. Neither amateur nor pro appeared to suffer from the proximity.

"We all know we owe everything in this game to our pros," boasted one amateur, U.S.C.T.A. President W. L. (Sammy) Van Aken at the prefinals dinner. The pros were reciprocally complimentary and also very respectful. Amateurs were addressed as "mister," pros by their first names. Sull, Mr. William Vogt of Princeton and the Racquet Club was the only player with a tattoo.

Mr. Vogt was also both the last amateur and last member of the host club to be eliminated, falling in the semifinals to Albert (Jack) Johnson in four sets. Johnson had not played the game in three years. (He is a racquets pro in Chicago, and none of the seven U.S. court-tennis courts he west of the Appalachians.) He went on to win the tournament. A third-generation pro, Johnson has played court tennis for almost 40 of his 43 years. But he has a long way to go. His father, Edward Johnson, still teaches the game in England at the age of 86.

#### THEY SAID IT

- Ernie Banks, Chicago Cub star, denying that he plans to drop out of the race for the Republican nomination for alderman in Chicago: "Politics is a strange business. They try to strike you out before you get a turn at bat."
- Cassius Clay, heavyweight fighter: "I figure I'll be champ for about 10 years, and then I'll let my brother [Rudolph] take over—like the Kennedys down in Washington."
- Mrs. Don Shula, wife of the new Baltimore Colt coach, on her status as a pro football fanatic: "I was completely furious with those Cubans for staging that uprising, crowding pro football off the front page."

END



MARK II REC-CHANGER LOOKS LIKE A CONTEMPORARY STEEL—BUT SINGS AM/FM, FM STEREO, MONITOR.

**RCA VICTOR Stereo gives you natural sound  
...plays all your records with such extra care  
they stay brilliantly alive.**



Here is stereo—Total Sound RCA Victor Stereo that brings out the highs, the lows—the vibrant natural sound a record has to give! Here is a remarkable musical instrument that brings out the brilliance and clarity of all records... both stereo and non-stereo.

RCA Victor total fidelity comes from the perfect marriage of every compo-

nent—from its Diaphonic Speakers to the new Studiomatic Record Changer that plays records with such extra care they stay brilliantly alive—the changer that protects your records two ways: on the spindle, in the groove.



The Most Trusted Name in Sound

TRK (4) R

# How to live from Paycheck to Paycheck

(AND WONDER WHERE THE MONEY WENT)

The most important part of family money management is not whether you barely make it from paycheck to paycheck but how you can keep your budget from collapsing when you have to make a major purchase.

For example, suppose you need a new car or a larger house. Or suppose it's finally time to send the kids to college, or treat yourselves to a well-earned trip, or take advantage of a business opportunity. Can you swing it?

Often the answer depends on whether you're established with the right kind of financial institution so you can borrow a large sum of money. And borrow it at rates you can afford.

## Where is the best place to borrow money?

A Full Service commercial bank has two distinct advantages over other financial institutions. First, it is not confined to making just a few types of loans. A Full Service bank can make loans for

practically any legitimate purpose you can name. And, second, interest rates on loans at a Full Service bank are generally lower than you'll find elsewhere. This means that when you do business with a Full Service bank, you have one source for all your loans. A source that, more often than not, will save you dollars and cents in interest costs.

Getting this kind of service from a Full Service commercial bank is a lot easier than you might think. All you do is follow this plan:

1. Pick a Full Service bank near your home or work. (If it offers checking accounts, savings accounts and all types of loans, it's a Full Service bank.)
2. Make this bank your financial headquarters. Give it your checking accounts, your savings accounts, and all the loans you may need.
3. Get to know at least one of the bank's officers so that you know where you stand financially right now. A good

way to do this is to fill out a Personal Financial Statement for his files.

4. When you need some extra money, borrow it from the bank instead of taking it from your savings. This way, you'll keep your savings account intact, and you'll also build a solid credit reputation with the bank.

Soon, you'll find you have a priceless working relationship with the bank, a relationship you can count on whenever you need sound financial counsel and low interest loans to help you achieve your family's goals.

## Get to know your banker before you need him

For the sake of your financial future, start doing business with a Full Service commercial bank now.



# THE SHADOW OVER PRO FOOTBALL



*Green Bay's Ron Kramer, shown here with Coach Vince Lombardi, admits to minor bets but denies extensive wagering by players.*

Rumors of betting have led some critics to question the honesty of professional football. But the fault, so far, seems to lie in naiveté rather than in covert finagling

by **TEX MAULE**

**T**wo men were needling the Green Bay Packers' Ron Kramer last week at the Athletic Club of Columbus, Ohio. Kramer, the massive offensive end for the Packers, had come to Columbus to accept an award from the Columbus Touchdown Club.

"Come on, Ron," one of the needlers said. "All the players bet on games."

"That," said the large and ominous-looking Kramer, "is a lot of baloney. I guess you're talking about Alex Karras. I don't know how much he bet, if anything. But don't let anybody kid you. We don't bet much, like I've read in the papers. The players, I mean. Oh, a little, maybe, but nothing big. It's in our contracts not to, and the guys honor their contracts. I mean it."

No one who has watched Kramer play football would ever suspect for a moment that he does not exert all of his energy for the Packers. Nor would anyone believe that Alex Karras, the superb defensive tackle for the Detroit Lions, does any less than his best for his club. That, however, is not the point.

Karras and Kramer figure in the recent wave of publicity attending allegations of betting scandals in the National Football League. The furor was touched off by George Halas, the owner of the Chicago Bears, who issued a gratuitous statement denying any wrongdoing on the part of the Bears even though the team has not been accused. On the heels of Halas' statement, Bear Fullback Rick Casares said that he had taken—and

passed—two lie detector tests. Then Karras, on a national television hookup, said that he had bet minimal amounts on games. On the face of it, small bets by players on their own teams to win—Karras said he bet cigarettes and cigars—seem rather innocuous. Not so.

Pete Rozelle, the young commissioner of the National Football League, employs a large staff of former FBI agents whose sole duty is the investigation of rumors of betting or of unsavory association by the players in the league. Each year he tours the training camps to speak to the squads, and a major part of each talk is devoted to explaining precisely how dangerous it is for a player even to be seen in the company of a known gambler. Any player—or any owner—can be thrown out of the league if it is proved that he has bet on a pro football game. Rozelle, now in the midst of the investigations brought on by Hapas' statement, has yet to take a drastic step. It might be good for pro football if he did.

"We have found nothing of a criminal nature," Rozelle said the other day. "We have found no evidence of bribes or of point shaving. We are presently investigating rumors involving individuals on four different teams. In a sport which has grown to the size of professional football, these rumors are inevitable. We investigate four or five each year—no more and no less than we are investigating this year."

Rozelle did not name the four teams. An educated guess would most likely include Detroit, Chicago, Green Bay and Pittsburgh; and to date no evidence is available that any player on any of these teams has bet more than \$5 or \$10 on any one game.

Sixteen years ago, this problem presented itself to the league and immediate and dramatic action was taken. Two players for the New York Giants—Quarterback Frank Filchock and Fullback Merle Hapes—were offered bribes before the 1946 championship game. They did not take the bribes, but they did not report them, either. Both were suspended indefinitely from the NFL.

Neither of them was accused of betting. Bert Bell was commissioner of the NFL at that time and the action he took was quick, fierce—and right. His successor, faced with less of a problem, must act as dynamically.

An accusation involving far more than minor sums is on Rozelle's desk right now. Carroll Rosenbloom, owner of the Baltimore Colts, has been accused of betting heavily on pro football. The charge was made by Mike McLaney, a disgruntled former associate of Rosenbloom's who two years ago lost a suit involving the owner of the Colts.

"The complaints about my betting," says Rosenbloom, "are absolutely false and totally unfounded. I am convinced the evidence I have submitted to the league will prove this."

The only difference between this season and the last eight or 10 in the NFL, so far as gambling goes, is that the con-

favorite over Green Bay and leads by one point with two minutes to play. Johnny X has bet on Detroit and so have many of his Detroit teammates. In possession of the ball, the Lions elect to stick to the ground and run out the clock. But now merely winning will not help the bettors—they must try to get their three-point margin. So the gambling Lions try to get into position for a field goal. The risky maneuver backfires as the Packers intercept a pass and come from behind to win the game.

The small wagers in this hypothetical case thus reverse the final score. If the players continued betting they might conceivably become so deeply in debt that they would be liable to blackmail. This has not happened so far and may never happen, but pro football has reached so imposing a stature on the national sports scene that even the slightest suspicion must be a matter for deep concern.

Some people have said it is too difficult to shave points in football. That simply is not true. You would not have to bribe a quarterback; any player on an offensive team could affect the point spread in a given game fairly easily. A missed block or two could do the trick. Or, with first and goal to go on your opponent's five, all you have to do is move just before the snap of the ball and draw a five-yard penalty. Enough of these penalties scattered strategically through a game would certainly affect its outcome.

It is good to know that Rozelle and the NFL are checking all rumors thoroughly. It seems unlikely that the charges against Rosenbloom will be substantiated or that the investigation of betting by players will reveal anything to discredit pro football. But if the game is to retain the high esteem in which it now is held Rozelle must do more than investigate, he must make it clear to the Al X Karrases—and everybody else—that bets of \$5 and \$50,000 are equally forbidden, and he must convince owners, players and the public that severe penalties will be imposed if the ban is breached in the future.

END

"Yes, I have bet, but why hasn't I busted? I haven't done anything dishonest. It's normal to make a small bet on yourself."

ALEX KARRAS

tinuing surveillance of the league has been brought into the open. To date the investigations have always proved that the rumors were false. Once a very famous quarterback on the West Coast was accused of having bet thousands of dollars on his own team to win. The investigation showed that this particular rumor started in a bar in Beverly Hills when an elderly gambler from Texas, under the influence of innumerable cocktails, told the entire population of the bar that the quarterback used him as the front man for placing the bets. Rozelle's investigators located the man and discovered that he had never even met the quarterback and certainly had never placed a bet for him.

This is not to say that the present storm is inconsequential. No player has the right to bet, even on his own team to win. Almost all betting today is on the point-spread system. To take an example, let's say Detroit is a three-point

## A DASH OF STYLE FOR TRACK AND FIELD

by ROY TERRELL

**I**n a season of glamorous European imports, a leggy blonde from Germany named Jutta Heine landed on our shores last week and left the *Musa Levi* sitting in the starting blocks. Fraulien Heine is a sprinter, not a work of art in the conventional sense, but her esthetic qualities seemed to satisfy the 13,386 appreciative patrons in the Los Angeles Memorial sports arena on Saturday night. With a style that owes less to the Mel Patton-Bobby Morrow school than to a Las Vegas chorus line, Miss Heine did more in seven seconds to promote the sport of track and field than Parry O'Brien has done during his athletic life.

Jutta Heine is not the best woman sprinter in the world, only the most decorative, and she did not win the 60-yard in Los Angeles. But she was competing less than 48 hours after her arrival from Cologne and it was her first race indoors, over a distance much too short for her long stride. Furthermore, her feet hurt. Despite all this, she managed to attain the first and most important goal of a month-long American trip by beating her Olympic conqueror, Wilma Rudolph Ward,

*As stinky as Mariene Dietrich, Jutta Heine waits at starting blocks with 60-yard winner Mariene White.*

German sprinter Jutta Heine, running for the first time in the United States, came in second in Los Angeles but did more for sport than an arenaful of record breakers

who is the best woman sprinter in the world. The only trouble is that while Jutta and Wilma were worrying about each other an unknown 18-year-old UCLA freshman named Marilyn White ran away from them both.

"I never saw her," said Wilma.

"I never heard of her," said Jutta. Neither had anyone else.

Hardly anyone in America has heard of Jutta Heine, for that matter—which is sad but eloquent testimony to the local status of women's track and field. Back home Miss Heine is the most famous athlete of her sex in Germany, and perhaps in Europe. At 19 she was a silver medalist in the 200 meters in Rome, behind Wilma, and she also anchored the German sprint relay team to second place. Last summer she won the European 200-meter championship in Belgrade, lost the 100-meter title to Britain's Dorothy Hyman by a pretty nose and ran on a silver medal relay team, making up all but a yard of a five-yard deficit against Poland's hurdles champion, Tereza Ciepla, on the anchor leg. For all of this she was awarded the

*continued*



*Pleased after second-place finish, Jutta Heine, who wears wristwatch while racing, pulls off indoor spikes.*

Loeberblatt, a kind of Iron Cross in short pants and the highest medal a German athlete can receive. Now Jutta intends to concentrate on a new event for Tokyo, the women's pentathlon. It might be realistic to reserve a spot for her on the top step of the victory stand right now.

This would be a little frightening were not Jutta Heine about as close to a doll as a girl who stands six feet in her spikes can be. She was born Sept. 16, 1940 in Stadthagen, a little town outside Hanover in Lower Saxony, the oldest of three daughters of a wealthy attorney who does not like sports. "We are not millionaires, as some people think," Jutta says in her sometimes hesitant, but cultured, school-girl English. "Millionaires, that is silly. I do not drive a Mercedes, I drive an Opel. My father gave it to me after Remo." When she was small, before the Opel, she had a horse named Fant and she loved to ride.

But every spring a strange thing happened. "I would get this feeling, you know," she says, pushing her blonde hair back out of her blue eyes. "I would want to run. We had a house in the country, and I would run through the woods and across the fields." By the time she was 14 she could outrun all her boy friends, which was not entirely a good thing. Today, while denying any serious romantic interest, she dates Jürgen Schüttler in Cologne and Jochen Bender in Frankfurt. Both, fortunately, are sprinters.

By the time she was 17 Jutta was national youth champion in both the pentathlon and the 80-meter hurdles. But as she continued to grow she found that her stride had lengthened to almost seven feet and the hurdles were growing closer together. Since there was no pentathlon on the schedule in Rome, she decided to concentrate on the 200 meters. This has proved to be her best event, and at 18, in her first senior competition in the summer of '59, she won the national championship.

"Before the 1960 championships I was very lazy," she says. "I went on a holiday to the North Sea and I did not run well. I finished second. So people did not think that I would do anything in Rome. I did not think I would do anything, either, and when I reached the 200-meter finals I was so happy I didn't care about anything else. I didn't even care if I finished last. So I was very relaxed and I ran very well. I had nothing to lose, you know."

"I don't remember too much about the race. Wilma was not so far ahead for a while, but then she went *oww*. Like a Porsche. I did not expect to beat her; I never expect to beat her. She runs much too fast. I finished second, but I would like to race her again at 200 meters. I believe I am much stronger now than I was at 19."

After the 1960 Olympics, Jutta completed high school and went off to the University of Cologne to study economics. Until this winter she had never trained in the off season, preferring to devote her spare time to watercolors of flowers and small animals. "I do not like to paint landscapes or people," she says, "and I can only paint in the winter. In the summer, when I am training, my hand shakes. That is not good, you know, with watercolors. Anyway, I do not like to train very much. Every other weekend I go home to Kleefeld, which is just near Hanover. It is only 300 kilometers from Cologne, and I can drive home on the *Autobahn* in slightly more than two hours. The Opel has a top speed of 140 kilometers.

How fast do I drive? Why, 140 kilometers, of course."

In December the AAU invited Jutta and Vera Kunzerfeld, the German 800-meter Olympian, and Maria Jebmann, a 400-meter runner, to come to America for a series of meets and clinics designed to increase interest in women's track and field. "I have been to Italy and Portugal and Spain and Russia and Ghana and London and Belgrade and Prague," says Jutta, "and this summer I am going to South America. And this fall to Tokyo. But I have never been to America, so I said that I would come." Kunzerfeld and Jebmann, who are older and have husbands, had retired, but they wanted to come to America, too, so they retired and began to train. "At first they told us we would leave on January 15," says Jutta, "so I began to train very hard. Then we heard January 30, so I did not train so hard. Then we were told January 17, so I began to train again. I don't think it will make much difference. I have worked mostly on my starts, but they are not good, and 60 yards—that is much too short. I am afraid that I will be a disappointment."

When Jutta arrived in Los Angeles on Thursday night she disappointed hardly anyone, primarily because hardly anyone was there to meet her. She was awakened just before noon the next day by Wilma Rudolph, who dropped by the room to say hello. "I've been training hard," said Wilma, whose idea of hard training wouldn't make New York fans catch his breath. Both girls agreed that neither could possibly win at 60 yards. "I like Wilma," said Jutta after her rival had gone. "She is very frank and sincere. I always know what she is thinking, and I like that."

After lunch a family very big in southern California women's track picked up the three German girls and took them halfway to Bakersfield for a short workout. The press was discouraged from attending, although no one could figure out exactly why. At 8 o'clock Jutta had her usual dinner—steak, without potatoes or vegetables or salad, and chocolate candy for dessert—and went to bed. At 11 o'clock someone called up and invited her to a party. "He said he was a hurdler," Jutta smiled, "but I was sleepy."

Jutta still looked sleepy when she arrived at the arena the next night, an hour before the first heat of the 60. In a blue and white sweat suit bearing no emblem, she jogged around the banked board track with Wilma and Edith McGuire, another Tennessee State sprinter. Jutta's head was cocked to one side as if thinking, her hair bouncing on her head. She changed her shoes and rubbed her aching feet with liniment. She watched while Edith won the first heat in 7.1, two-tenths of a second over Wilma's meet record, and while Wilma won the second heat in seven seconds flat. Then Jutta peeled off her sweat suit to expose a brilliant red jersey, bearing the ASV initials of her Cologne sports club, and a pair of white running shorts out of which protruded the longest pair of legs north of the high jump.

Jutta was off with the gun, but Marilyn White was quicker and the little Los Angeles girl hit the tape first in seven flat. Jutta trailed by almost two yards. "It was all right," she said, as she prepared for the finals. "It was only running to get second and qualify." She looked down the gleaming yellow board straightaway. "Sixty yards," she said again, thoughtfully. "That is not very far."

In the finals Jutta drew lane No. 2, with Wilma just to



her right. To the right of Wilma was Marilyn White. And why neither Wilma nor Jutta could see Marilyn during the race is surprising, since she was right there, two yards ahead of them all the way. Wilma was second until the last few yards, then the German girl's long stride began to close the gap; Jutta edged past Wilma by inches at the tape, and both were timed in 7.1. Marilyn White, who watched this meet from the stands last year and had never run seriously until last March, equaled Wilma's record of 6.9.

Later Fred Jones, who coaches the Los Angeles Mercurettes, said that he felt Marilyn White could beat Wilma or Jutta or any other girl in the world at any distance from 50 to 440 yards. Had she ever run against Wilma before, someone asked. "Yes, in the nationals at the Coliseum last summer," Jones said. "She was fourth in a heat when Wilma ran 10.7. She didn't qualify for the finals. But that was last year." How fast can you run the 100 now, Marilyn was asked. She giggled and grinned. "I don't know," she said. "Coach doesn't tell me." Coach wouldn't tell the press,

either. "You'll be startled when you find out," he said.

Wilma only shrugged. "She was very good," she triple Olympic champion said, "but I am not going to run any more 60-yard races. I thought I was second. Well, Jutta and I will run again in Louisville on February 16 at 70 yards, and then we'll find out. But she ran very well."

Jutta was relieved that it was all over. "After the heats, you know, I was really frightened," she said. "I was nervous. I told myself that I could just go home. But now I'm looking forward to running in New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore. And in Louisville. Against Wilma again."

Fortunately or unfortunately, Marilyn White will not be there. But then Jutta Heine does not need Marilyn, nor does she even need Wilma Rudolph. She has brought a kind of entertainment to American track and field that it has lacked before, and while she can run very fast, for a girl, she also has very lovely eyes and legs, for a girl. The East Germans should tear down that wall. They don't know what they're missing. **END**

*Good friends, Jutta Heine and Wilma Rudolph, who twice beat Miss Heine in Olympics but finished third in Los Angeles, stroll after final*







Photo courtesy of J. Webster

## ***The Run for the Cheeses***

While Europe shivered, English horse-players suffered. Snow had made a mess of the nation's racetracks, and for a gloomy fortnight they all shut down. But up in dank Doncaster a lively bookie named Derek Webster (center) dashed to the pet shop and, for 17½ cents, bought a mouse. Other bookies did the same. Then, without bothering to wash the horses' odds off the blackboard, they staged races with simulated steeds. Two mice, each bound around the middle with a cloth saddle and carrying a jockey made of yarn snippets, crawled across a polished tabletop. Starts, from a chalk line, were at the mouse's pleasure—no tickling was allowed—and often were delayed while it waited to catch the scent of the cheese planted at the finish three feet away. Nevertheless, the sport thrived briskly for a couple of days until the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals itself got a whiff of the cheese and quickly sandbagged the only operating mouse course in all Britain.

# MOSSIE MURPHY'S CRUSADE

Most alumni are proud of their schools, but the smothering kindness of this loud, indefatigable fat man almost kills the Holy Ghost Fathers of Duquesne

by MYRON COPE

Duquesne University's brick-and-concrete campus nuzzles against a steep, congested hillside known as The Bluff that overlooks Pittsburgh's skyline. At noontime a jolly fat man of 27 named Maurice Thomas (Mossie) Murphy may be seen driving his '57 Chevy down the hill. He appears to be alone, but he is not. Four bodies lie curled like snails on the seats. They belong to Duquesne's head basketball coach, John (Red) Manning, Assistant Coach John Cernicola, Publicist Richard E. Sharbaugh and Assistant Publicist Clair Brown. Follow the course of the '57 Chevy beyond range of the campus and you will see the heads of the four passengers jerk into view like so many jacks-in-a-box. The deal is, they are going to lunch with this man Mossie Murphy but are petrified with fear of being seen in his company by the university's higher officials.

Mossie happens to be Coach Manning's top recruiter—"the best recruiter in the country," says backcourt performer Paul Kudelko, one of Murphy's human trophies. University authorities, however, have volunteered no such encomiums. "Whatever Mossie is doing," says Father James F. McNamara, a Duquesne vice-president, "he is strictly on his own."

Though unequivocally devoted to his alma mater, Mossie has received the sort of requital usually given suitors who have bad breath and heavy beards. Even Coach Manning has been heard to shriek, "Get that fat boy out of my hair!" Mossie, undisturbed, describes Manning as "an absolutely fantastic coach," even though he did try to have him fired three years ago, when Manning was in his second season as head coach.

That was the year the Dukes lost twice to Class B Carnegie Tech and were humiliated by archival Pitt 75-44. "Pitt

beating you, that's like your father turning alcoholic!" cried Mossie. He phoned Publicist Sharbaugh and thundered, "We've got to get rid of that man, he's awful!" Failing to obtain Manning's head, Mossie relentlessly forced his recruiting services upon the coach for the good of the school, and in less than three years has helped snatch Duquesne basketball from utter despair to the point where last season the Dukes won 22 of their 29 games and played in the National Invitational Tournament.

But Duquesne, which until the mid-1950s imported some of the finest basketball material that New York and New Jersey had to offer, serves these days to quash any notion that basketball dominates the school. The university administrators, therefore, are leary of a person like Murphy, a fellow who persistently thrusts into their presence winning players from such western Pennsylvania outposts as Pinedale, Turtle Creek, Elizabeth and Beaver. Dozens of times school authorities have called him to account for his activities. So great is Mossie's ability at cajoling high school prospects, organizing varsity banquets and generally seeing to it that Duquesne continues to win that the administration has suspected the existence of a well-oiled alumni organization operating from the strength of a prodigious slush fund. Once a directive was sent out ordering any such moneys to be turned over forthwith to the university's general fund.

There is no organization and no money—only Mossie.

Mossie Murphy has a job as sales manager for a small industrial corporation, a 30-year mortgage on a small suburban home and enough leftover change to buy his prospects a dish of ice cream. Yet youngsters find him irre-

sistible, for he is one of them, an everlasting kid, a bouncy, underspined animal who would put gum on the teacher's chair though it meant standing in the corner for a week.

The Holy Ghost Fathers in charge of Duquesne blanch at the thought of Mossie representing their university, however unofficially, for he is an exceedingly nosy and combative fellow. At basketball games priests bristle when his voice is heard ringing above the tumult with some irreverent preachment, i.e., "Belt that stiff standing in the post!"

Consequently, for all his dedication to Duquesne, Mossie remains the only season-ticket buyer who is not mailed an annual renewal form. "They all hope and pray," he concedes, "that someday I won't show up for the games." The school sells an average of only 80 season books per year, of which 10% are bought by Mossie, yet he has never been able to purchase eight adjacent seats. Last year he pleaded with Athletic Director Louis E. Skender: "Why aren't they all in the same row?"

"We don't have 'em together!" snapped Skender.

"For God's sake, you only sell 80 season tickets!" pleaded Mossie.

"The customers!" barked Skender.

"You can't push everybody around! There's a customer who has a bad left leg and he wants the end seat in your row so he can hang his bad leg in the aisle, and there's another guy who doesn't like higher seats because he can't climb steps." Skender finally sold Mossie six seats together and two more across the aisle. Concluded Mossie: "I haven't made up my mind whether he hates me or just dislikes me."

Mossie's wife, Carol, has refused to sit with him ever since the night two years ago when, from his seat in the second row, he leaped over the lady in



front of him, landed with a crash at court-side and there berated a referee. The referee called for police, but Mossie threw a signal to the Duquesne students, who arose as one and set up a thunderous bedlam that shook the walls. Pointing to the referee, Mossie told the police, "He's the crook! Take him!"

The understanding policemen asked Mossie to please resume his seat.

Publicly, Duquesne officials limit their comments on Mossie to words of Christian charity. Says Father McNamara, the vice-president: "Mossie is, as is evident, a very enthusiastic person. Sometimes his enthusiasm is a little infra dig, but I must say, he's a wonderful fellow. He has never publicly disgraced us."

Yet because Mossie has a penchant for invading the school cafeteria to whip up student support for the team, Father McNamara lives with a chilling fear of seeing the student body turned into a howling mob. "When he agitates the students," says Father McNamara, "that's when the dean of men and dean of women start to fry. Now, if you could direct his enthusiasm to the proper channels you'd really have something."

It saddens Mossie that the Duquesne hierarchy persists in its standoffish attitude. "I hate to be in you're-out-of-tisville," he says. Actually, Mossie's intimate friends—that is, persons who know the volcano Murphy with a geologist's appreciation—consider him an intelligent, likable individualist who is not without praiseworthy purpose. Beneath his noise pounds the heart of a social worker, for he regards his recruits as adolescent daemons in the rough whom he must fashion into men of the world. Meanwhile he cherishes the old competitive values—namely, that Duquesne is better off winning than losing. And so he carries on.

The nature of Mossie's recruiting style may be seen in his 1960 capture of the sensational Willie Somerset of Jarrett, Pa. Willie had made up his mind to play under Coach Lou Rossini of New York University, but that was before Mossie visited him.

"Mr. Rossini would come to our house, cross his legs, offer me a stack of chewing gum, look real serious, tell us

*continued*

about NYU and that was that," recalls Somerset. "Then Mossie came around and said to my mother, 'How are you, Mrs. Somerset? What do you have to eat? I'm starved.' And then, while he was stuffing himself, he looked at me and said, 'So this is Farrell, Pa., where they roll up the sidewalks at 6 o'clock.' At first I thought he was getting smart, but then I saw a little smirk on his face and I started laughing and never stopped. He's very eccentric."

Willie, as it happened, was unhappy

Cosch Manning, who is going to be one of the top coaches in the country."

"And after he says that," Cepalis continues, "he says, 'When are you coming over to enroll?' Not 'Have you decided to come?' but 'When are you coming?' So I went over and enrolled."

And Fordham angrily severed basketball relations with Duquesne.

Mossie is not above giving his recruits the impression that he is a Very Important Person. Lunching with Coach Manning and a gangling high school star in the dining room of the Puck-Roosevelt Hotel one day, Mossie spied then-Governor David L. Lawrence at another table. Seizing his teen-age prospect, Mossie hounded over to the governor with outstretched hand and belabored, "Hi, Governor! How's your son these days?"

"Just fine," replied the governor. "And how are you?"

Mossie warmly introduced his recruit to the governor, then strutted back to his table. The prospect was excited about meeting the governor for the first time. Mossie should have been just as excited—he had never met the governor, either.

When Mossie teams up with Coach Manning on proselytizing trips into the hinterlands, the two men match as beautifully as ham and milk of magnesia. Manning is a pale, austere, tight-lipped man of 34 who has been likened in appearance and vivaciousness to Andrei Gromyko. He dines on whole wheat toast and skim milk, admonishes wives of his friends to cook wheat-germ oil into their meat loaves and, when asked by his wife to pick up cigarettes on the way home, purposely forgets. Manning also regards Mossie's girth with revulsion. "Red absolutely tortured me to go to a doctor for a checkup," says Mossie. "So I finally went and the doctor found I have a heart condition. Red was delighted! He's rooting for me to die!"

Meanwhile, parents of high school prospects have found that a visit from Manning and Murphy is something like being double-teamed by Hyman Rickover and Oliver Hardy.

"Red never takes a kid till he meets the mother and father and explains to them exactly what Duquesne's like and what he's like and how demanding he is and how demanding the studies are and that there will be a lot of weekends when the kid won't be able to come home because of the study load," says Mossie. "He tells them, 'It's not a very pretty school.' In other words, he tries to talk them out of it."

The implausible pair traveled one night to the town of Belle Vernon, Pa. to recruit a handsome, sturdy, 6-foot-9 lad named Walt Lautsch. For openers, Manning told Lautsch's parents, "I think Walter is too fat and I'm going to try to get some weight off him. I don't think he's a very good basketball player, but I think I can make him one."

"Well," says Mossie today, shuddering at the recollection of Manning's presentation, "the Lautsches, very delightful people, offered us a refreshment. Now, it would have been better if they had offered us lemonade, but they happened to be civilized human beings and offered us alcohol, and I said, 'Oh, I'd love one!' My theory is, don't insult our hosts. But Red says, 'No, none for me. I'll have ice water.'"

"Finally Mrs. Lautsch says, 'Just a glass of wine?' So Red says, 'Well, all right, I'll have a little wine.' Later, we're driving back to Pittsburgh and Red is very quiet. Finally he says, 'Well, I only took a few sips of my wine, but I noticed you finished your whole drink.' And then he says, 'That's all right, I guess these are things we have to tolerate.'"

Manning does indeed tolerate them, for without Walt Lautsch he would have no big man today, and Lautsch himself says, "Really, Mossie was the one who sold my mother and dad, just by making himself at home and yelling at us in that immense voice of his."

For all his ability as a recruiter, Mossie Murphy is accorded none of the deference coaches customarily show their active alumni. When Mossie visits the gymnasium to watch the Duquesne practice, Manning does not permit him to speak to the players.

But Mossie is accustomed to having Duquesne authorities slap, kick and deflate him as though he were the beach ball he resembles, for he has been receiving such treatment since he was a Duquesne freshman. At that time Duquesne had no cheerleaders, a lack which distressed the team. Consequently, a player named Fletcher Johnson turned to Mossie in the school cafeteria one day and said: "You're the bignost around here. Why don't you become our cheerleader?"

Mossie asked the athletic department to buy him a cheerleading sweater but was promptly turned down. He bought his own. He then drafted five assistants, persuaded the student government and

*continued*



COACH RED MANNING says of Recruited Murphy: "Get that fat boy out of my hair!"

for a while at Duquesne and decided to transfer to NYU, but his mother told him, "You can't do that, Willie. You'd hurt Mr. Murphy's feelings."

The same year Mossie recruited Somerset he went after a husky, 6-foot-5 Pittsburgh boy named John Cepalis, who had announced he would enter Fordham. As Cepalis remembers it: "Mossie says to me, 'John, I don't want to try to change your mind about Fordham. I think you've made a wise decision. But you've got to remember that you're just a kid from a middle-income family and you won't have any common ground with those sophisticated New Yorkers. Now look here, I'm going to give you a chance to acquire a reputation under



# *the man's mixer*

**FOR THOSE WHO ENJOY THE TASTE OF GOOD WHISKEY**

Build a highball with 7-Up and you hold the whiskey flavor you enjoy. Rich, true flavor. Seven-Up doesn't squelch it. (If it did, 7-Up wouldn't get the male call it does!) What 7-Up does do with a unique nicety is to mellow your highball to perfect smoothness. A man-type highball needs the man's mixer. It needs 7-Up. Try it.

Copyright 1983 by The Seven-Up Company





***now the 1963 Tempest has Wide-Track!!***  
***(when you're through cheering, go see your dealer)***

*What calms jumpy roads like Wide-Track? What makes for stability like Wide-Track? Nothing. That's why we widened Tempest's track this year, to go along with its front engine-rear transmission setup. That gives us a car with road-soothing balance all 'round. The dealer to see is your Pontiac dealer. But feel free to finish cheering, if you can wait. **Pontiac Tempest***



an alumnus to buy sweaters for them, but quickly fired three of them for insufficient vigor. Shortly thereafter he was restricted to campus by a faculty priest after a nurse in the dispensary reported that he had barged in and dragged out a sack load of his two remaining assistants to lead cheers.

Later that season Mossie was again restricted to campus for having drawn his initials in the fresh cement of a girls' dormitory then under construction. Going AWOL, he sneaked off to Dayton to lead cheers. The announcer broadcasting the game back to Pittsburgh thoughtfully noted Mossie's presence and said hello to his mother for him. The priests, of course, were listening.

Another evening Mossie bounded to a courtyard press table and denounced a sportswriter who had been critical of the Dukes, then coached by the popular Dodey Moore. The next morning Moore summoned him to reward him for fidelity. "Listen, Murphy," growled Moore, "I've spent a lot of time and effort cultivating these newspaper people and I'm not going to let a young punk cheerleader run it."

During Mossie's undergraduate days Red Manning, then Moore's freshman coach, repeatedly advised his frosh: "Never loaf with that big, fat loudmouth or you'll get thrown out of school for sure." Having paid for his own cheerleading sweater, Mossie also had to pay his way into the games, inasmuch as his student activities card entitled him to see only half the home schedule. And when the time came for him to graduate his mother received a telephone call from the athletic director's office.

"Your son will not receive his degree until he returns that sweater," she was told.

Because the Holy Ghost order reassigned its priests at frequent intervals, a considerable procession of clergymen has had a crack at berating and rebuffing Mossie during his nine years as student and alumnus. For the record, not all have turned a deaf ear to his pleas for just an ounce more emphasis on basketball. "All right, what are we doing that's wrong?" a university executive asked him once.

"Well," replied Mossie, "take having your athletic director gather bulls at a game. That's kind of wrong. I think there ought to be a boy to do that."

"Problem's solved!" said the executive, concluding the interview with a de-

cisive slap at his desk. Out went a memorandum to the athletic director forbidding him to gather bulls.

Mossie has the impression that Duquesne officials believe he is motivated by an obsession for the limelight, and if indeed his true motives have escaped the administration it is probably because they are so nakedly uncomplicated. He just loves his alma mater, and he loves kids. Kids, in turn, love him, for they

microphone, coughed embarrassedly and said: "Before you go, I have a presentation to make." Without another word he handed Mossie a small box. Inside was a wristwatch inscribed, "For Your Faith."

This year Manning had but one recruiting objective, a big man. Five were found, but the Duquesne admissions office rejected them all—especially bitter banishment since the university registrar is Mossie's uncle.



IN RARE CALM MOMENT at basketball game, Mossie carries approval and a word from Father William Hogan. Priests generally shun Murphy at games because of his wild enthusiasm.

know his interest in them does not cease after they have enrolled. Mossie has been best man at the weddings of three players. "He keeps recruiting you until you've graduated," says Paul Kuselko. Mossie prowls the neighborhood surrounding the campus, snatches basketball players from poolrooms and flings them into barbershops to have their hair cut.

He likes his boys clean-living and clean. "We've never had a scandal at Duquesne and we're never going to," says Mossie. At Mossie's invitation, players have gone to his home for dinner, only to have Mossie's wife march them to the bathroom to wash their hair.

Red Manning, though still outraged by Mossie's intemperate behavior, is cracking. At the conclusion of a varsity banquet last spring he stepped up to the

stage's uncle. Worse, as the season approached, Willie Somerset had to undergo minor surgery for a bone growth on his shin and was lost to the team for the season Manning's spiritusank. However, the indomitable fat man, down from 248 pounds to 228 in order to escape Manning's health lectures, will seize the coach this winter and hoisterously lead him forth on the trail of fresh talent. "Everybody says they wish I'd disappear," says Mossie, "but I'm hanging in there."

So you may still see Mossie Murphy driving across the Duquesne campus, his four passengers hidden from sight. "On days when I've made myself particularly obnoxious to the administration," says Mossie, "the coach tells me to pick him up at the foot of The Bluff. I slow down to about five miles an hour and he jumps in on the run."

END

# High Voltage on the Detroit Ice

Some of the liveliest action in the current hockey season has been provided by the Detroit Red Wings, thanks to a short-circuiting live wire who crackles on the ice like a bolt of winter lightning

by ARLIE W. SCHARDT

No matter where they finish at season's end—and so far they have run a gamut from first to fourth place in the National Hockey League standings—Detroit's current crop of Red Wings will be remembered as the team that sparked some of the most electric action of the 1962-63 hockey season. The brightest sparks of all were generated by the high-voltage youngster pictured at right flinging himself at an opponent who dared come too close to the Detroit goal. In more placid moments (*see cover*) Defense-man Howard John Edward Young resembles the apple-cheeked fullback of a high school football team making plans for the senior pros, but on the ice he is a one-man riot squad. Unlike most defensemen, Howie seldom checks with his hip—a blunt and generally well-padded weapon. "My job," explains the young man who learned his hockey from a teacher named Black Jack Stewart, "is to get my shoulder into somebody." And most times he performs the job well. While his roughhouse tactics have made him the target of taunts in every NHL city except Detroit (whose fans cheer him wildly every time he goes on or off the ice), they have discouraged a considerable number of opposing players from scoring goals.

Six-foot, 25-year-old Young, sinewed like a gnarled oak at a little 195 pounds, is as fast on skates as he is strong, and can play in the forward line as well as on defense. His

continued







only drawback is an attitude of ferocious competitiveness that has cost him (and Detroit) an appealing two hours plus in the penalty box, with the season only half over. Since this means that the Wings have had to play more than two hours of their season (i.e., two full games) with a five-man team, many of Young's detractors claim he does Detroit more harm than good, but Coach-Manager Sid Abel has now learned to live with that liability.

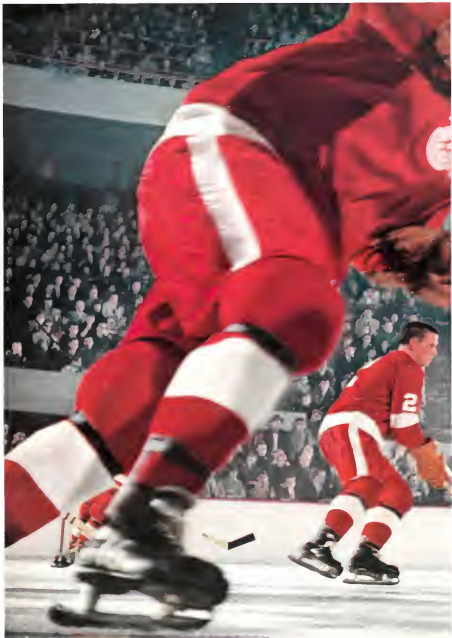
Howie came up to the Red Wings three years ago with a stack of resentments stored up inside him from an unhappy childhood and a broken home. At the end of his first season he was rehired, but at a reduced salary, so he promptly got mad. "I struggled for seven years to make the big time," he says, still smoldering. "You want to love better, dress better. Then you do a good job and they cut your pay. I used to get so worked up when I thought about it that I never knew what I might do."

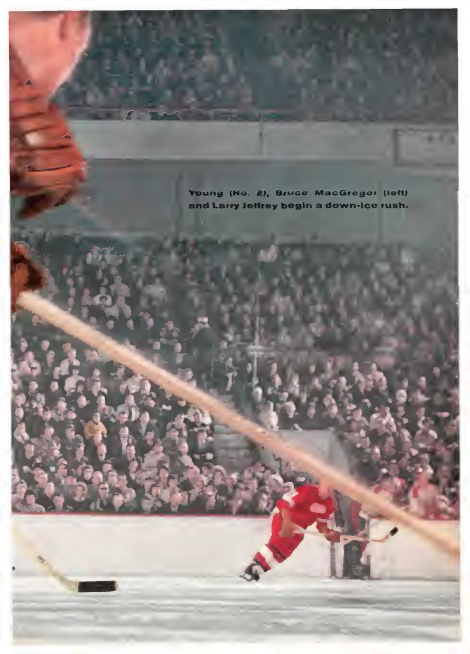
What he did do was rack up so many penalties on the ice and behave so badly off it that Detroit offered him to any club that would have him. None would, so the Red Wings sent him back to the minors, hoping he'd reform. This season Abel decided to give him another chance, plus a raise, and Howie responded by helping to spark the Wings to the best start in their history. Moreover, he promised to be a good boy, or at least a better one—and he almost succeeded. Howie still finds occasion to jam an elbow into an opponent's ribs just for good measure when the referee is not looking. He still circles the ice like an angry bull, with head lowered and jaws gnashing at a wad of chewing gum. But this season his penalties have been mostly of the two-minute variety—for roughing, hooking, high-sticking and whatnot—rather than the longer ones he used to earn for fighting and "misconduct." On the very first day of the new year, however, sulking over a slump and a scolding from his coach, Howie had a relapse. After a New Year's Night game in Chicago, brooding and resentful over what he fancied was unfair treatment, Howie ducked away from his team in a Chicago railroad station and was not seen or heard of for four days.

Last week, contrite once again and only a little the worse for wear, Howie Young was back on duty in the Red Wings' defense, planning (he said) to try harder than ever to behave himself. A weary Sid Abel did his best to believe it. "After all," said Sid with a shrug in Howie's direction, "he's the most exciting player in hockey today." The glimpses in color by John G. Zimmerman on the following pages of Howie Young and his teammates in action show something of what the Red Wing coach meant.

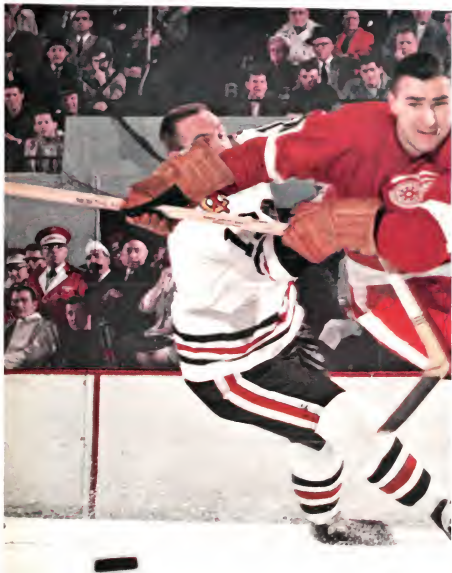
**Young puts his shoulder to work on two Detroit opponents (left). At right: Boston's Johnny Bucyk and Detroit's Marcel Pronovost (between ref's legs) tensely await the dropping of a puck in a face-off.**







**Young (No. 2), Bruce MacGregor (left)  
and Larry Jeffrey begin a down-ice rush.**





**Floyd Smith (No. 8) swerves to carry attack away from Red Wing goal.**





**Jeffrey high-sticks New York's  
Doug Harvey in mid-ice tangle.**

PLAN AHEAD...GET THAT NEW "OLDS" FEELING!

# ENJOY CLEAN, HEALTHFUL AIR



with GENERAL MOTORS CAR AIR CONDITIONING!



*Plan for wonderful new driving comfort throughout the warm weather months ahead! Just imagine you and your family, cruising along in a GM-Harrison air conditioned Oldsmobile. You look your best, feel your best . . . even on the hottest, muggiest days of the year. You ride cool, relaxed, refreshed. Warm weather tension disappears. Even your heart takes it easier in this ideal atmosphere.*

*No more problems with dust, pollen and excess humidity! Clothes stay neater. You stay cleaner . . . and so does your car's interior. "Windows-up quiet" adds new pleasure to conversation . . . or to the music of your radio favorite. Plan to take your family to see your Oldsmobile dealer for an AIR CONDITIONED DEMONSTRATION—SOON! COMPRESSOR BY FRIGIDAIRE*

**GM**  
**HARRISON**

FOR THE FINEST IN AIR CONDITIONING AND HEATING EQUIPMENT, SEE  
YOUR CHEVROLET, PONTIAC, OLDSMOBILE, BUICK OR CADILLAC DEALER

HARRISON RADIATOR DIVISION, GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION, LOCKPORT, NEW YORK

There's "SOMETHING EXTRA" about owning an OLDSMOBILE.



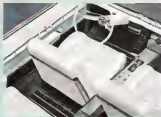
## Go adventuring...Starfire style!

When the open road calls . . . step into a Starfire—America's full-size sports car sensation! Its strikingly distinctive styling, sporty interiors, and famous 345-h.p. ultra high-compression engine make this Oldsmobile original the most exciting car you can drive!

OLDSMOBILE DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

*Starfire*  
BY  
**OLDSMOBILE**

NINETY-EIGHT • SUPER 88 • DYNAMIC 88 • STARFIRE • F-85 • JETFIRE



Above: Leather-trimmed bucket seats flank a full-length control console with T-click Hydro-Matic, tachometer, glove box.

Below: Soft-aluminum side panel, unique roofline and contoured rear window distinguish Starfire from any other car.





Classic white wool flannel takes on new shape in bell-bottom pants and schoolboy jacket from California's Rudi Gernreich for an outfit that would be right at home this winter in Palm Beach.

## WHITE NEW YEAR

The word was handed down last summer. Wimbledon's old guard had had enough tampering with sacred tradition. No more 18-karat-gold briefs or shocking-pink panties on the courts, they said—all white is the rule. Good idea, said fashion—and not only on center courts but in southern resort centers everywhere white is right

# SPORTING LOOK

There haven't been many Wimbledon winners in long white flannels lately, but then there haven't been easy-to-care-for white flannels until recently, either. Old Wimbledon Hand Gardner Mulloy, *Impassioned*, in stock of Arnel flannel and Alan Paine's classic tennis sweater, and others of this foursome prove that white not only is right, but good to look at. The girl at Gar's right wears a dress of Arnel sharkskin with low-set pleats, designed by Gussie Moran. The princess dress on Mulloy's left is of cotton piqué, designed by Gen Chase. And on the far right is another crisp piqué, with snaps down the front, designed by Elizabeth Phelps. Also back in style in the sun is the white linen suit (below), particularly when the linen is combined with crease-resistant Terylene, as in this Stein Bloch double-breasted suit.



Photo by Robert F. Brown

**WHERE TO BUY** Page 15: Gormack jacket (\$110), pants (\$50), shirt (\$50) are at Bonzo Teller, New York and Palm Beach; Pages 16 and 17: Stein Bloch suit (\$85): Bulfinch's, Long Beach; Weber & Hoffmann: Boldly striped shirt by Hathaway; Paine sweater (\$17.99), N. J. Feron, New York; Red Barrel socks (\$1.81), F. R. Trofner; Dress by Gussie Moran for M&G (\$281); Julian Garfield, Salt Lake City; Arnel dress (\$185) and Phelps dress (\$255): both Lord & Taylor; Page 18: White Neoprene suit (\$185) will be available in March.





CONTINUED



**SPORTING LOOK** *by David Laundy*

The first white tank suit comes from Australia on the wave of this year's white fashion revival. Of quick-drying Terylene knit, it is as opaque as heavier suits, yet weighs only three ounces more than a standard competition tank suit.





### For men on the go. The Crew-saders.

Crew-saders come in twenty distinctly individual colors for your casual or dress wear. They are incredibly soft, they feel wonderful, yet they hold your foot firmly, really stay up. Crew-saders are knit of hi-bulk Orlon® acrylic and nylon.

Wash them again and again by machine or hand, they never lose shape. Crew-saders are stretch-knit. One size fits you, and everyone else. Crew-saders are Interwoven® to their toes. They are not just ordinary socks. Try a pair. \$1.50.

**Interwoven®**  
THE GREATEST NAME IN SOCKS



basic  
black  
goes  
everywhere

when you dress it up with **HERTZ**

May we suggest a Cadillac convertible for an evening on the town? Or a new Chevrolet Corvette for a weekend in the country? Whichever you choose, you'll agree Hertz is basic for going anywhere ... in style.

let **HERTZ** put you in the driver's seat!



**HERTZ**  
RENT A CAR

Among the 30 different kinds of cruising sailboats on display at the annual boat show in New York's Coliseum last week, 14—all of them under 30 feet long—carried somewhere in their descriptive advertising the seemingly mystic initials MORC. Scarcely noticed by most of the rubbernecking landlubbers at the show, these four letters represent the most significant trend in yachting since World War II. They stand for Midget Ocean Racing Club—an entity which is both a club and a rule. The club sponsors long-distance small-boat racing in all kinds of weather on all kinds of water all over the world; the rule lays down the requirements for safety and seaworthiness that make such races possible.

Both club and rule were the result of one of the most remarkable voyages in history: the crossing of the Atlantic in 1952 by two young Englishmen, Patrick Ellam and Colin Mudie, in *Seyramo*, a cockleshell which no sensible man would sail across a duck pond. She was less than 20 feet long, weighed slightly more than half a ton and had a cockpit just big enough for two men to put their feet in. Yet she was so well designed and built that she not only sailed safely through the worst the Atlantic could throw at her but demonstrated that size had little to do with seaworthiness.

#### Safety first

Ellam and Mudie were members of an English small-boat ocean-racing organization called the Junior Offshore Group. Their feat inspired a handful of young U.S. sailors with a yen for ocean racing to copy the JOG idea. This was the beginning of MORC. Its moving spirit was William H. Shaw, a round-faced, thoughtful young naval architect who believed the No. 1 consideration in such sport was safety. The MORC rule he ultimately produced, with the cooperation of Olm Stephens and other naval architects, stresses rigid safety requirements. An approved midget racer must be self-righting if knocked down. It must have a self-bailing or watertight cockpit. It must have positive flotation or must carry an automatically inflatable life raft. It must have lifelines for the crew. Its hatches must be capable of being sealed and, of course, it must carry all navigation and safety gear required by law. Beyond this, the rule takes the various factors that make up a boat's performance—ballast, displacement, sail area, beam, length, rig, and so on—and fits them into a formula which gives the boat her hand-

icap when she races with others of different types. During its first five years, MORC limited itself to boats of 24 feet. However in 1959 the rule was amended to include boats up to just one half-inch short of 30 feet. This was done because many big-boat ocean races barred boats under 30 feet.

The first boat designed to the MORC rule was the 23-foot varnished mahogany sloop *Medeia*. She immediately nonplussed the opposition by sailing right past several 36-footers in a 1956 overnight race, and she has continued her winning ways ever since. In 40 races *Medeia* has won 27 times and finished second 12. Most of the races she lost were won by *Truu*, a fabulous 24-foot yawl designed by Shaw himself, which appeared the following year. The older *Medeia* had bunks for two, minimal cruising gear and no engine. *Truu*, about four inches longer and six wider, had bunks for four, a full galley, an engine and all the cruising facilities anyone would want except full headroom.

*Truu* made her debut in the Spring Off Soundings Race in June 1957. Two days after her launching she was famous. She had won her class by a total of 44 minutes for the two days and had beaten, boat for boat, such able larger craft as *Sou'westers*, *Pilots*, a *Gulf Stream 30* and an *Oxford 400*. In a race to Block Island later that year *Truu* maintained an average speed of 5.33 knots over a course of 164 miles.

While she was in the open ocean during the race, winds blew up to 35 knots and the seas were large and cresting; they bothered her not a bit. Three years later, in *Truu's* sister ship, a German named *Wilhelm von Stumm* demonstrated just how seaworthy MORC boats are. He was crossing the Gulf of Tarento in the Mediterranean when he was hit by a hurricane, with winds up to 65 knots—so strong they overturned streetcars in

Milan and sank two 90-foot fishing trawlers. Von Stumm ran before a for two nights and a day under bare poles; once a breaking sea filled the cockpit, but no damage was done. When he returned to port the village fishermen, convinced the boat must be blessed to weather such a storm, kissed it.

Since *Truu* and *Medeia*, so many small boats have been designed to the MORC rule that the club officers have lost track of them. But they include such familiar names as *Cap Horn*, *Anel*, *New Horizons*, *Tartan*, *Triton*, *Schock 22*, *Cal 24*, *Maya*, *Electra*, *Marlin* and *Meridian*. Despite great difference in size and shape, the rule handicaps them all well enough so that in last year's Block Island race, for example, a 25-foot *New Horizons* finished 40 minutes behind a 21-foot *Cap Horn* and four minutes ahead of a 22-foot *Schock* on corrected time.

A distance race in a tiny boat is rugged duty. Because it is bouncing around so much, you get little sleep. While less brute strength is required to change headsails than on a 40-footer, you have to do it oftener and if there's a breeze you get wetter doing it. And once wet it's harder to get dry.

No matter. In the words of one skipper who has put in time on both Bermuda racers and MORC boats: "In MORC boats you're on much more intimate, personal terms with the sea. Your boat is more responsive. Wind puffs flatten her faster, so you have to keep alert. Big waves stop her, so you have to help her over them. Moving a man forward slows her down or speeds her up more, so you have to trim her more accurately. Because of all this you get a greater feeling of mastery, of command, and when the race is over, an acute sense of accomplishment. I don't know any man who doesn't get a charge from that kind of ego-building—especially today." **END**

## The toughest babies afloat

The tiny sailboats designed to the specifications of the Midget Ocean Racing Club can race with safety on any ocean in the world



A SAILFISH LEAPS HIGH OVER THE RIPPLING GULF STREAM AT THE END OF A LINE HELD BY CHARLIE JOHNSON, THIRD-PLACE WINNER

## *Something new in fishing tournaments at Palm Beach*

The new rules devised by The Sailfish Club of Florida now put most emphasis on the skill of the angler rather than on his luck and his skipper's moves

Sailfishing, as it is too often practiced, has long been snooted as a sport on the ground that it tests the angler's skill less than the skill of his skipper. The skipper, high in his tower, finds the fish, tells the angler when his bait has been slapped by a sailfish's bill, tells him when to strike and then maneuvers the boat to the fisherman's advantage. Many a light-tackle record never could have been established were it not that the skipper hacked the boat down to the fish while the angler reeled in with as little tension as possible on his line. Such fish were not brought to the boat. The boat went to the fish.

For this reason, and others, saltwater fishermen who are jealous of their sport's reputation have been embarrassed by spurious records, some of them set by "anglers" better suited to dunking bait for cod than to fighting one of the most exciting gamefish in the sea. Sailfishing tournaments have also been lightly regarded as true tests of angling skill.

Some have been won by lucky tyros.

That day may now be ending. In the blue waters of the Gulf Stream off Palm Beach a fortnight ago there was a breakthrough in tournament billfishing that promises, if it is as widely adopted as it should be, to refurbish the good name of sailfishing and even other kinds of contest fishing. If there must be contest fishing, let it be modeled on this first Invitational Masters Tournament.

Sponsored by The Sailfish Club of Florida, it was the best tournament of its kind ever held. Only anglers of established reputation were invited to compete, and the rules were devised to make the fisherman's skill count as much as possible, to make the part played by captain and mate as minor as possible.

The tournament was not born easily. Its basic idea simmered for several years in the mind of John Rybovich Jr. of Palm Beach, builder of fishing boats (SI, Oct. 28, 1957) and member of The Sailfish Club. Over the years, fishing with friends,

he breached it here and there, obtaining an assortment of shrugs, cool indifference and only occasional enthusiasm.

When Rybovich suggested to Lou Marron, noted big-game fisherman and student of oceanic life, that Marron sit on a committee to draw up rules for the tournament, Marron snorted that he would never consent to such a thing. He had competed successfully in a number of tournaments and to him they were "chamber of commerce stuff." But after Rybovich firmly outlined his concept Marron told him to let go of his lapel, that he would indeed be glad to work on the committee. And so it was with other club members. There followed a long period of rumination and debate. The rules eventually were drawn up. They are not yet quite perfect, but only minor modifications will be necessary next year.

To insure that all contestants fished with exactly equal lines the club furnished 20-pound-test Dacron from one manufacturer, who made the line in one run expressly for the tournament. Line strength was set at 20 pounds primarily because of anticipation that some experienced fishermen who regard the use of ultralight tackle as "stunt fishing" would refuse to compete if anything lighter was specified. As it turned out, in five days of fishing by 34 contestants 12 lines were broken. The Dacron was unlubricated and had a tendency to fray. Even so, the number of broken lines was smaller than some expected. There is a good chance that next year's line will be of slightly lighter test. Marron, in fact, is plumping for an eight-pound line but probably won't get it.

A marker was secured to each line 100 yards from the leader. So long as the marker was between the rod's tip and the fish the boat could be maneuvered as the angler requested, but as soon as the marker was reeled in to the rod's tip the boat had to be dead on the water unless it proved necessary to move forward in order to keep a fish from going under the boat. Thus at 100 yards the angler was entirely on his own. To get full credit of 100 points per fish he had to bring the fish to boat within 10 minutes of the strike. After 10 minutes he began to lose points at the rate of five points a minute until, at the end of 30 minutes, he got no points at all. Only 23 of the 131 sails taken in the five days required more than the 10-minute limit. Average time to boat a sail was 8.7 minutes. Some very skillful fishing was seen.

For losing a fish by breaking a line a penalty of 100 points was exacted (Marron's idea) unless it was done deliberately to get rid of an unwanted fish like a bontio. The tournament was primarily for billfish, but lesser points were given for fish other than sailfish or blue marlin when taken by trolling, provided three entries were received in a species. Since it was a release tournament only fish more than 7 feet 6 inches long were to be brought to the dock to be considered for possible bonus points, but no fish of this size was taken.

With two anglers to a boat, each fishing an outrigger and taking turns on a flat line in the stern's center, there were 17 boats in the tournament and, incidentally, 17 of the finest ever assembled. The Palm Beach area abounds in superbly designed fishing boats, and only those meeting the rigid requirements of the committee were accepted. To assure equal opportunity and probably to forestall suspicion of collusion between the owner and his captain, no owner was permitted to use his own boat. The anglers fished each day from a different boat and with a different competitor. Boats were as equal in power as could be arranged, so that there were no complaints about anything of major importance. Contestants were delighted with the conduct of the tournament, even those who fared badly.

Some fishing experts of the area estimated that the stretch of Gulf Stream along the coast between Stuart and Miami, some 100 miles, contains perhaps a million sailfish of various sizes, including those too small to be caught during the peak season, December to March. It has also begun to be suspected that these are the world's most educated fish. Over the years they have been caught and released time and again and it is well recognized that even a fish can be fooled only so often. Recently it has been increasingly difficult to attract them to a dead baaloo or mullet skipped over the waves, once the best sporting way of taking them. Much more success is now had with live bait, trolled deep and very slowly. Tournament rules forbade the use of live bait, or even drifting through schools, so that it was tantalizing at times to hear radio reports of fish being taken, as many as a dozen to a boat, by live-baiting fishermen not entered in the tournament.

This queen of tournaments, which attracted master anglers from as far away as California, was won by James

F. Baldwin of Locust Valley, N.Y., who was never passed after the second day of fishing. Baldwin amassed 860 points, even though he disqualified one of his sailfish on a technicality. His prize was a copy of Ernest Hemingway's novel, *The Old Man and the Sea*, bound in heavy silver and set between massive bookends, one a sculpture of the old man in his boat, the other of the big billfish rising from the sea.

"I have won before," Baldwin said, "but I have never wanted to win any tournament as much as this one."

Second place went to Carlton A. Smith of Palm Beach, with 715 points, and third to Charles F. Johnson of Asheville, N.C. and Palm Beach, with 600. High boat was the *Rita-A-Dor*, owned by Richard S. Boenneke, Palm Beach, and skippered by Captain Jake Morrison. Anglers aboard it caught 23 fish.

The Invitational Masters, an unofficial success in its inaugural meeting, is bound to attract more anglers next year. It is an ideal tournament in a perfect setting—Palm Beach has an easily negotiable inlet, productive waters and fine boats. Chances are that no more than 50 will be permitted to compete after screening for qualifications, since only about 25 boats that meet the committee's high standards are available. This is just as well. The idea, as the committee sees it, is to put emphasis on quality fishing, not quantity. **END**



"THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA" trophy goes to No. 1 fisherman, James F. Baldwin.

## Mana and the King of Siam

Pone Kingpetch wins with assistance from the king and a pig's head

Thailand, which used to be Siam, is known in the West for its cats, fighting fish, fighting feet, twins and *The King and I*. Nowadays, at least in sporting circles, Thailand is also known for a top flyweight, Mana Seadoagbob. A carpenter's son, he began boxing as a kid in a small village on the Gulf of Thailand, and he did so well that he attracted the attention of a big man in Bangkok with the equally improbable name of Thongthos Inthorathat. Thongthos is a manufacturer of patent medicines, and his rhinoceros-horn pill for curing fever is famous all over Thailand. An astute businessman, he had built up a stable of boxers to plug his products. Unfortunately, the fighters all fought Thai style, which permits kicking, kneeing, elbowing and rabbit punching. This sounds fascinating, but it is, in fact, as dull as girls' hockey to watch, since Thai fighters have to perform to the slow beat of drums and cymbals. As a result, western-style fighters are big crowd pleasers in Thailand, and a promising kid like Mana was a find.

Eight years ago Thongthos signed up Mana. And the first thing that Thongthos Inthorathat said to Mana Seadoagbob was, freely translated, "Kid, your name isn't catchy enough. Let's change it to Pone Kingpetch." Pone means The Jumping Kid, and Kingpetch Diamond Alley, the name of his training camp.

Pone went to work for Thongthos as an office boy and studied under western-

style trainers on the side. A spirited lad, he was soon beating the best in the Orient, and in April of 1960 he won the world flyweight title from Pascual Perez of Argentina. He successfully defended his championship three times, and sales of rhinoceros-horn pills soared. But last year Pone married an attractive school-teacher, began cutting it up big in Bangkok and grew lax about training. A 111-pound weakling, he was an easy mark for Japan's Masahiko (Fighting) Harada, who knocked him out in 11 last Oct. 10.

Poor Pone had let Thailand down. King Bhumibol Adulyadej called him to the royal palace. "I hope that taught you a lesson," he said. Pone agreed. So did Thongthos, who arranged a rematch in Bangkok with Harada. Worried about Pone's sagging legs, Thongthos put him on a tough program of roadwork for two months and had him skip miles of rope. He lifted barbells and shadow-boxed. The week before the fight, which took place a fortnight ago, Pone and Harada tapered off training and went on steak diets. Then the fight almost fell through because Harada's manager demanded \$5,000 instead of \$2,000. Only after Editor Nat Flescher of *The Ring* intervened did the Japanese get \$5,000 (Pone himself was promised \$5,000. Another five was to go for the erection of a statue to King Chulalongkorn, who will be remembered as the young prince in *The King and I*. Where the remainder of the \$60,000 gate was to go is hard to

say—it's not the kind of question to ask in Bangkok.)

As fight time drew closer, Pone went from underdog to favorite. On the night before the fight, a group of soothsayers and thaumaturgists, robed in white, filed into National Stadium. Mumbling magical incantations, they climbed in the ring and placed platters of sweet puddings, glasses of rice wine and a holed pig's head on the mat. They chanted over these offerings to the ethereal spirits of the ring, then adorned Pone's corner with joss sticks and flowers. For added measure, they blessed the corner.

At fight time a swarm of milling Thais made Harada work hard just to pass through them to the ring. Home-town Pone was carried to his corner on the shoulders of police. After all this, the fight was strictly no contest. In shape, Pone used his three-inch advantage in reach to stave off a flailing Harada, peppering the Japanese now and then with long, accurate left jabs. "It was Pone's reach and jab that told the tale," said Judge Flescher, who gave Pone 10 of the 15 rounds. When the final bell sounded, Pone flung himself on the canvas, prostrate before the royal box. There, high on a gilded throne, King Bhumibol smiled on his loyal subject, once again flyweight champion of the world. An American told a Thai friend that Pone's vigorous training had certainly paid off. "How do you know," the Thai said, "that it wasn't the pig's head?" **END**

MANA SEADOAGBOB (ALIAS PONE KINGPETCH) SALAAMS TO THE CROWD AFTER WINNING BACK THE TITLE



# yes, outwears! yes, any other!

The new Goodyear Super Hi-Miler outwears any other truck tire of its kind! Here's why:



**1. New, wide tread.**

Reduces the rate of wear because tread wear is distributed over a much wider area.



**2. All ribs continuous.**

Not broken into lots of small segments that squirm and scuff away mileage. Wear is smooth and even.



**3. New shoulder design.**

Open grooves safely dissipate tire-destroying heat — flex easily — resist tearing.



**4. All grooves full depth.**

Run right down to undertread. Extra deep outer grooves insure extra traction and extra safety.



**5. Dual Compounded tread.**

Two treads in one. Resilient inner tread cuts heat buildup. Permits compounding outer tread for maximum wear.



**6. And, New "Muted Sound."**

Zigzag groove length varies in each quarter of tire. Acoustically engineered to mute high-speed tire noise.

## plus Tufsyn

...new Goodyear wonder synthetic...proved in millions of highway miles, the toughest, longest-wearing rubber Goodyear ever developed! • Whether you have 4 wheels or 4,000 on the road, you'll save with the all-new Super Hi-Miler with TUF SYN. Get the full story from your Goodyear Representative, your Goodyear Dealer or Goodyear Service Store. And specify Super Hi-Miler on your next equipment order. Then start saving with Super Hi-Miler. Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.

# GOODYEAR

Builder Tufsyn-TM is the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company Akron, Ohio.



BRIDGE / Charles Goren

## North told a little black lie

If your bids and plays are always by the book and "honest," it is unquestionably good for your partnership but it is also easy for your opponents to play their best against you. So, in order to make life more difficult for them, sometimes you have to lie a little. But you can't lie to your partner very often. When you do you must take the responsibility not only for any bad result on that hand but for the loss of faith that could be costly in the future.

North and South, in the following deal, were a well-practiced and long established partnership. North is a brilliant player, famous for the success of his unorthodox actions based on "taking a position." In this deal, however, he took a position in the one situation where it is important to respond like a good soldier. It turned out he was wrong.

Both sides vulnerable  
North dealer

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
1♠	PASS	3♦	PASS
2♠	PASS	4 N.T.	PASS
3♠	PASS	5 N.T.	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: Jack of diamonds

Some players would pass the North hand, but I feel it contains a perfectly sound opening bid. Counting three points for short suits, North has a total of 13 and a six-card suit to simplify any rebid problem. But when South jumped to four no trump, North began to worry about the fact that his opening bid was a rank minimum. In an effort to slow down his partner's reactions, he decided to apply the brakes by withholding the truth about his aces.

Unhappily for North, South had far too good a hand to be stopped short of slam. But when North showed only one ace, South feared that a lead coming through his king of diamonds might be dangerous; he elected to protect the situation by bidding the slam in no trump.

South won the opening diamond lead with his king and led the king and jack of clubs. There were a number of different ways to play for the slam, including an end play on West that might have succeeded. (West must come down to five cards, and if he holds three spades and the guarded king of hearts, he can be thrown in with a third round of spades and made to lead to declarer's ace-queen of hearts.) However, South elected to take two spade finesses, a play that offered at least a two-to-one chance for success.

He overtook his jack of clubs with dummy's queen and led a spade, finessing the 10. This lost, and a diamond was continued, won by dummy's ace. Declarer led to his ace of hearts, then ran the remainder of dummy's clubs, discarding three hearts from his hand. South had all sorts of chances running for him, but the spades were stacked and West was in no discarding difficulty, so the slam was defeated.

North's concealment of one of his aces was doubly costly in this case. Not only did it result in an inferior small-slam contract; it kept South from bidding a grand slam that could be made. With clubs as trumps, North can win 13 tricks either by ruffing two losing diamonds in the South hand, or by ruffing two hearts to establish South's queen so that he needs to trump only one diamond in dummy.

### EXTRA TRICK

Even when you have taken liberties in the early stages of the bidding there is very little excuse for failing to answer correctly to a conventional call to show your aces and kings. If you don't trust partner to use Blackwood wisely, tell him before the game begins that you don't want to play the convention.

END





Surveyor



Continuing Worker



Farmer



Project Classroom Teacher



Nurse



Farmer



Doctor



Science Teacher



You can put your skill to work for a better world—through the Peace Corps. In many countries of Asia, Africa and South America, the shortage of trained manpower (and womanpower) is a serious roadblock to progress. By sharing your knowledge with the people of such countries, you help them to help themselves in the struggle against poverty, hunger and disease.

Right now, there are thousands of opportunities in the Peace Corps—for farmers, builders, engineers, sanitation and health workers, teachers in math, science, English and vocational skills, construction workers, mechanics, youth workers, nurses—and many others. Some jobs require a college degree, specialized or liberal arts—others

require no college training. Whatever your field, skill or profession, chances are there is something you can do in the Peace Corps.

Any qualified citizen over 18 is eligible. There is no upper age limit. Husbands and wives may serve together if both are qualified and have no minor dependents. Most Peace Corps assignments last for two years, including a period of training in the language and customs of the country to which you are assigned.

You can make an important contribution to your country and to the world through the Peace Corps . . . and gain enriching experience as well. Write for full information.

**Peace Corps**

Washington 25, D.C.

Published as a public service in cooperation with The Advertising Council





Drawings by Edward Sorel

**Taking a familiar stance before a mike at Pebble Beach is Bing himself, the founder, host and tone setter of golf's most renowned pro-amateur event.**



The professionals and celebrities may have a feast of fun at Crosby's Clambake, but an awed amateur can find himself feeling clammy by ALFRED WRIGHT

## THE AM IN PRO-AM

Every year at about the time that the nation's 6 million amateur golfers are digesting the last few mouthfuls of their Thanksgiving bird and dreaming wistfully of next spring's birdies, several hundred of their more proficient brethren are nervously awaiting the arrival of each morning's mail. The time has come for invitations to the National Pro-Amateur Golf Championship, better known as the Crosby Clambake or just the Crosby.

Even among the very great of amateur golf, an invitation

to the Crosby is as much to be appreciated as a comehither look from Sophia Loren. But apparently—and happily—one need not be among the very great to get either. This year, as always, the Crosby numbered among its amateurs some names that are household words only in their own households. Yet the 168 amateurs who played last week were culled from a list of 7,156 who had either applied for invitations or were thought worthy of same by the host. Among them, of course, were some truly fine golfers in their own right, for *continued*

The nervous amateur assumes all eyes are on him, but only his pro partner is really watching him putt. Everybody else is gawking at such personalities as Bob Hope,



## BING'S CLAMBAKE *continued*

Bing himself is an excellent player who regards the game with respect and is jealous of the reputation of his tournament. There was Dick Davies, the current British Amateur champion, Harvie Ward, twice U.S. Amateur champion, and Dr. Frank (Bud) Taylor, three-time Walker Cupper. There were great celebrities of other sports who also know their way from tee to green—low-handicap players like Alvin Dark, manager of the San Francisco Giants, Del Shofner, one of pro football's leading pass catchers, and John Brodie, quarterback for the 49ers. There were celebrities from both biz and show biz: Tom Laupheimer, president of Fairbanks, Morse & Co., Chase Morsey of Lincoln-Mercury, Tennessee Ernie Ford, Ray Bolger, Dean Martin, Phil Harris. There were even a couple of Roman Catholic priests who are friends of Bing's.

This heterogeneous collection of amateur golfers all had one thing in common: for at least three days they had to play tournament golf over courses as difficult as any in the world under the same conditions as their professional partners. Worse yet, they had to do it with thousands of people watching them, and with the freeing knowledge that their professional teammates had thousands of dollars at stake. When an amateur in the Crosby owes up to a bit of nervousness, he really may be asking himself why he hadn't planned a January cruise of the Caribbean.

"If you want to sum up how an amateur feels about this tournament," Pete Elliott, the Illinois football coach, was saying bravely after a trying round at Cypress Point, "it's like this. Every amateur would really like to see how he could do in a big event. This is his only chance, so he takes it."

Conditions for both pro and amateur at the Crosby are notoriously among the most testing anywhere on the calendar of tournament golf. It isn't just that Pebble Beach is brutally long and devious—Gene Littler shot an 83 there last Thursday—or that Cypress Point is a treacherous seascape (the third course used for the Crosby, the Monterey Peninsula CC, is a relative snap). There is an annual meteorological phenomenon in northern California each January known as Crosby weather. In drought years farmers sigh with relief over the approach of the tournament, knowing that at last the skies will open. Gales invariably batter the coastline. Last year there was even a blizzard.

Anecdotes about the weather monopolize Crosby Week conversation. One of the classic stories is that told by Larry Tauler, a San Francisco businessman. "I was playing the 17th at Cypress one year," reminisced Tauler, "and the wind was blowing so hard the birds were going backward when they tried to fly into it. Usually I hit a drive and a six-iron at 17, but this day I hit three of the biggest woods of my life, and the third shot was hole high at the back of the green. Then the wind started to blow the ball toward the hole. It would

roll and stop and roll and stop. When it got within a couple of inches of the hole, I tapped it in quickly for my par 4."

Once an amateur gets his invitation to the Crosby, he can look forward to six weeks or so of unrelieved travail. First he must find a place to stay in the small vacation resort of Carmel or the nearby city of Monterey. If he has been going to the tournament for years and has a special pull with the management, he may get a room at the Del Monte Lodge, which overlooks the 18th green at Pebble Beach. Or he might just possibly get into Carmel's charming old Pine Inn, where the small bar has been the after-dark hangout for amateur golfers through the years. Otherwise, he has to scramble for space in one of the lesser hotels or motels, most of which





The weather at the Crosby won't bother the amateur golfer at all, unless he is unaccustomed to playing in torrents of rain, wild gales or blinding blizzard.

are booked up months in advance by the touring pros and the hundreds upon hundreds of California golf bugs for whom the Crosby is a date as firmly fixed on their yearly schedule as Christmas.

Next the amateur must practice to the exclusion of all else. He can spare time for only brief visits to the office. His wife must do the Christmas shopping. The living room carpet becomes a putting green. If he lives in a frigid climate, he has to find an indoor driving range.

It is when the tournament finally gets under way at dawn of a brisk Thursday morning in mid-January that the amateur entertains his first doubts about why he even bothered. The dew sweepers have to begin teeing off at the three

courses as early as 7:30, when the chill early light is just seeping through the tall pines of the Monterey Peninsula. This means they have to climb out of a warm bed in the numbing darkness, mummify themselves in sweaters and windbreakers and grab some eggs and bacon alongside a few sleepy truck drivers in an all-night diner.

"I've been going off with the dawn patrol for years now," says Hal Booth, a Los Angeles businessman who is a fixture at the Crosby, "and sometimes I don't even see my ball until the 3rd or 4th hole."

Those who tee off later in the morning have another sort of problem, for they are likely to be paired with one of the big-name pros who attract the galleries. A somewhat extreme

*continued*



The 16th at Cypress Point is a hole the golfer begins worrying about in December. By the time he finally gets there it looks like this to him.

#### BING'S CLAMBAKE *continued*

example this year was Mark McCormack, the young Cleveland attorney who manages the business affairs of Arnold Palmer, Gary Player and Jack Nicklaus. A fine golfer in his own right, McCormack went as far as the third round of the 1958 National Amateur. This year in his second Crosby (Bing himself arranges all the partnerships), he found himself paired with Palmer.

When McCormack and Palmer started off at Cypress Point last week in a foursome with Dave Hill and popular Phil Harris, they took along the largest first-day gallery in the Crosby's history. "I can't say I was really nervous," McCormack recalled later, "although if I hadn't known Arnie so well I'd probably have had a lot more butterflies. The worst part is that you know all the gallery wants to see is Arnold. So you're anxious to get out of the way. I know Arnold would want to advise me on a lot of my shots, but if he's across the fairway somewhere, I don't want to call him over and hold things up. As a result, you rush yourself. That's the worst part of having a big gallery."

"Another difficulty with the gallery," says Thomas Choate, a low-handicap New York lawyer who once starred in the Harvard backfield, "is the way they stand so close to you." Last year, as he was this year, Choate was paired with pro Joe Campbell, who lost a sudden-death playoff for the indi-

vidual championship to Doug Ford. "We had a pretty big gallery with us at Pebble on the last day," Choate said, "and at the 9th tee they were standing so close I was afraid I'd hit one of them on my backswing. So I took a slow practice swing first, and as the club went back it knocked the cigar out of a guy's mouth."

"Playing with Campbell was a wonderful experience," Choate continued. "He had a 71 at Pebble Beach on Friday, the day of the terrific storm when the wind was blowing so hard you couldn't even reach the par-3 17th with a driver. Joe was always very considerate of me, and he even moved the gallery around as if he were a marshal himself. You know, everyone is watching the pros or the real celebrities, and they don't know you're in the tournament. After the pro holes out, the gallery doesn't much care what happens to your ball because they don't realize that you may have a handicap stroke on that hole. The main thing, though, is that you don't want to do anything that might upset your pro if he's in contention. It means a lot more to him than just the prize money; it means getting into the Tournament of Champions and all sorts of extra things."

Not that the prize money is insignificant. Billy Casper got \$5,300 for being top pro last week, and Doug Sanders won \$3,000 when he teamed with Lloyd Pfitzer, a Chicago insur-

**The amateurs all agree that when your partner is Palmer and thousands are watching, you just calmly take your usual swing.**

since man, to take the pro-am title. "Actually, with all that's at stake and all the excitement, the best thing you can do is try to be relaxed and play your regular game and don't talk to your pro unless he talks to you," added Choate.

Choate was asked how an amateur decides what to do on the 16th at Cypress, the famous water-flanked monster. "That's a real problem," he said, "You think about it all the way around. I get a stroke there, so if I think we are leading or up close I play my tee shot safe, and with my stroke we're sure of getting a net 3. Of course, if you need to pick up strokes you've got to go for it and hope you get a net 2."

Every team has its own ideas about how to handle the 16th, and Mark McCormack described how he and Palmer worked it out on Thursday. "I was hitting first, and I sensed that Arnold would want to go for it even though he was three-under at the time. He didn't say anything, but I just felt he would go for it. The wind wasn't strong, so I thought I could make it with a three-wood. It's a lucky thing I did because I hit one of my best shots of the day onto the green. Arnold hit over the green and took a double bogey."

"One thing you can't help worrying about is that when you miss a short putt you know it's going to cost the pro a few dollars." The speaker was Jean Luis DuPont, a Parisian who had come all the way to Pebble Beach to play in the tournament of his friend, Bing, with whom he had golfed frequently in France. One of the leading French amateurs, even Jean Luis felt some concern playing with a pro of the caliber of Jon Gustin, his partner.

Pete Elliott, who had been playing in the same foursome with DuPont, agreed in part. "You're nervous, sure, but if you're playing well, you play a little better when you're nervous. If you're playing poorly, that's a different matter."

Naturally it isn't ever fun for an amateur to make mistakes at the Crosby, but every now and then one of the show people who is quick with a quip turns a fluff into a memorable laugh, a reminder that fun and enjoyment are what Crosby really wants the pros, the amateurs and everybody else to get out of his Clambake. One of the best at this is Tennessee Ernie Ford.

Last year at the troublesome 12th hole at Cypress, Tennessee Ernie put his second shot into some clutching rough to the left of the green. He skulled the ball badly trying to hit it out, and the shot caromed off the leg of a woman standing in the gallery bordering the far side of the green. When he examined the ball and saw the slash he had put in it, Ford turned to the lady and said, "Madam, you've got the sharpest shins I've ever seen."

EWID







# Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

There was more than just a subtle hint of pro basketball's shifting fortunes in Los Angeles' smoggy air when the NBA superstars gathered there last week for the annual All-Star Game. Everywhere there were chauvinistic claims that the Los Angeles Lakers, the pride of the West, were to replace the Boston Celtics as basketball's No. 1 team.

The host Lakers themselves had set the tone with their flashy All-Star Game program which carried the words LOS ANGELES, BASKETBALL, CAPITAL OF THE WORLD emblazoned in large print on its cover. Some enthusiastic local experts were predicting that Laker Coach Fred Schaus's West squad, with such superb shooters as Los Angeles' own Elgin Baylor and Jerry West to lead them, might score more than 200 points against the Boston-dominated East. Pro basketball is fairly new to Los Angeles, and perhaps such naive enthusiasm is forgivable. But the Celtics' volatile Red Auerbach, in to coach the East and already snarling from two straight All-Star defeats, is not a forgiving man in the best of times, which these aren't. "What do they think this city is," demanded Auerbach. Then, with much help from Bill Russell, Bob Cousy and Tom Heinsohn, three of his Celtics' prideful old pros, Auerbach and his team put the brush Westerners in their place.

Using a fast break, the East never let the West in the game. Russell, treating San Francisco's Wilt Chamberlain with the disdain usually reserved for lesser members of the NBA, picked off rebounds like a giant octopus to set the fast break in motion. Cousy, slick as ever with his hand fakes and behind-the-back passes, and Cincinnati's marvelous Oscar Robertson led a furious charge downcourt that the West could not stop. The East defense, meanwhile, hounded Baylor and West so closely they made only nine out of 30 shots. The final score was a respectable 115-108, but the contest had been a romp. Auerbach gloated happily, "I never had an easier game." Fred Schaus had a different view: "Worst All-Star Game ever played."

Pleasant as it was to give LA the Red raspberry, Auerbach had only won a prestige skirmish in a war that wasn't going too well at all. With the season half over some NBA owners and coaches were openly saying that the young Los Angeles Lakers are indeed ready to break up the Boston dynasty and start one of their own. "They've got it now and they'll have it for many years," said Coach Dick McGuire of the Pistons. In Baylor, who is averaging 33.7 points a

game, and the graceful West, the Lakers have a most menacing twosome. Dick Barnett, acquired from Syracuse, has strengthened an already affluent backcourt and rookies LeRoy Ellis and Gene Wiley, the latter an outstanding rebounder and defender, have given Schaus the corner and pivot depth he lacked last year. "Now, when we're coming down to the wire trading hoops," says Schaus, "they can't just go hound the big man, Baylor." All of which shows in the statistics. The Lakers lost only 12 of their first 47 games and lead second-place St. Louis by five in the Western Division.

Boston, on the other hand, although still by far the best in the East (the Celtics led Syracuse by five games), is finding the wins coming harder, the losses occurring oftener. Russell's aching back, injuries to Cousy (pulled groin muscle) and Sam Jones (knee trouble) and Heinsohn's sudden scoring slump have all contributed to a gentile Celtic backslide. Fortunately, Clyde Lovellette, one of the best outside shooting big men in the game, and rookie John Havlicek, who can play both backcourt and the corner, have filled in admirably. But the team's age (average 28 years) is showing.

The real issue will be joined, of course, if Boston and Los Angeles meet, as they are likely to, in the championship playoffs in April. Meanwhile, the fans seem to like what is happening, even in Boston, where attendance is up, apparently because the games are much closer than they used to be. Total NBA attendance has increased 31% in a single season, led by Los Angeles, where borschtown crowds of 10,000 are going to add up to a million-dollar gross. Even Red Auerbach agrees that something is going on in L.A.—and never mind where "The Basketball Capital of the World" really is. That can be settled in April.

## THE COLLEGES

In the East, LaSalle Coach Dudley Moore knew he had a problem on his hands with Seton Hall's Nick Werkman, the nation's leading scorer (32.8 average). Three days earlier Werkman had scored 40 points, including the winning two, as Seton Hall beat Fairfield 93-91. Moore also knew that Werkman liked to work inside the foul lane, where he uses his twisting layups to draw fouls. Moore decided to have his team clog the middle. His Explorers moved in and out of a variety of zone defenses and still Werkman got 36 points, 14 on free throws. But La Salle's Frank Corace and Bill Raftery



ALL-STAR GRIN confirms Bill Russell's joy at East's success, his own MVP award.

scored 45 between them, and Moore's better-balanced team won 89-80, its sixth straight.

Villanova, inconsistent this season, led Temple by nine points with nine minutes to go, but the Owls slipped away, scoring 13 points in a row and winning 50-49 on Elmer Sathen's foul shot with 17 seconds left. St. Joseph's survived a roughhouse brawl to beat Delaware 64-57, then easily defeated Muhlenberg 76-53.

Once-beaten Canisius hardly figured to get a tussle from weakened St. Bonaventure, but the Bonnies hustled all night and upset Canisius 71-69 when Fred Crawford sunk a 15-foot jump shot at the buzzer. Pitt, like most visiting teams, found Army tough to handle at West Point. The Panthers needed two overtime periods and eight straight free throws by Clyde Sheffield to put down the pesky Cadets 79-53.

There was trouble among the Ivies. Cornell fought league-leading Penn with its defenses dragging and beat the Quakers 78-76. Princeton was treated even more rudely when it came to Ithaca after downing Columbia 86-63. Bill Bradley sunk 21 free throws without a miss and 37 points in all against Cornell, but the Big Red stopped the other Tigers and won 73-67. The top three:

1. ST. JOSEPH'S (10-0)
2. NYU (9-0)
3. PITT (11-2)

## THE SOUTH

Mississippi State's Bube McCarthy was a man who knew what he was talking about before his team played unbeaten Georgia Tech at Starkville. "Boys, there won't be

continued

## LOUISVILLE, OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY 40 PROOF

try  
your  
hand  
at

BASKETBALL'S WEEK *continued*

any upset tonight," he told his squad. "Mississippi State is the best team, and Mississippi State is going to win." So it did, 81-69. W. D. Stroud, a quick-handed guard, and Leland Mitchell, a big rebounder, made McCarthy's prediction look good scoring State's first 22 points in the second half. By the time they stopped shooting they had a game total of 55 points, and the Bulldogs led the Southeastern Conference. Mississippi was State's next foe, and succumbed, 78-64. But Auburn, an 81-78 winner over Alabama (which earlier lost to Florida 69-67), was still hot after McCarthy's team.

Meanwhile life was becoming more difficult for Kentucky's Adolph Rupp. He said it was only January and already his Wildcats had five losses, four of them at Lexington, where they usually lose about once a decade. Tennessee nibbled away at a Kentucky 86-point lead until it got to a 63-63 tie and then beat the Wildcats 78-69 in overtime.

While Duke's players were busy with exams, they acquired some company in the Atlantic Coast race. Wake Forest drew even with the Blue Devils by beating Virginia 82-62, and North Carolina was only a game behind, sweeping past Maryland 78-56, North Carolina State 67-65 in overtime, and Virginia 86-81.

In the Southern Conference, however, there wasn't anybody about to catch up with West Virginia. After warming up with an 89-73 win over Penn State, the Mountaineers fiddled around fitfully against Virginia Tech's 2-3 zone but still held off the ambitious Gobblers 86-83. The top three

1. DAME (13-3)
2. WEST VIRGINIA (13-3)
3. MISSOURI STATE (13-3)

## THE MIDWEST

Missouri Valley coaches had their attention focused on Bradley's gym at Peoria last week. They agreed that if Cincinnati couldn't be stopped there, where they hadn't won in five years, the chase was hopeless. Bradley tried hard, using a baseline zone and later a 2-3, but Cincinnati still won 52-46, its 32nd in a row. The Bearcats, paying strict attention to their own meticulous defense, put George Wilson on Bradley's Mack Herndon, who got only 12 points. Their disciplined offense was just as dedicated. Tom Thacker and Ron Bonham each scored 18 points.

For more than 36 minutes Northwestern had Illinois on the run, but the Big Ten leaders caught up. Then, just as the game ended, Bob Starnes threw a 55-foot shot into the basket to win for the Illini 78-76. "It was like losing a game on a wild pitch," groaned Northwestern's Bill Rohr.

Iowa, going nowhere in the Big Ten, suddenly began winning. The Hawkeyes humbled Wisconsin 65-56 and beat Ohio State 81-74. Now only idle Indiana and Miami

sota, which upset Michigan 66-63 and beat Purdue 82-73, are close to Illinois.

Colorado still had the Big Eight under control. The tall Buffs turned George Parsons loose against Kansas State's zone and he cracked it with eight baskets as Colorado won 70-53. Unbeaten Loyola took its 16th, beating Kent State 96-55; Notre Dame avenged an earlier loss to Butler, winning 80-54, but lost to DePaul 83-69. Then DePaul dropped one to Dayton 57-56. The top three:

1. SINGHAPATI (M-6)
2. LISTON OF CHICAGO (M-6)
3. ILLINOIS (M-6)

## THE SOUTHWEST

While Southwest Conference teams took a time out for exams, **Arizona State** learned that it isn't going to have the Western AC race to itself after all. The fast-breaking Sun Devils nearly struggled off New Mexico's ball-control game to beat the Lobos 59-47, but they couldn't quite make it past Wyoming at Laramie, where the temperature was 25° below zero. The Cowboys, who had just beaten Arizona 84-72, were as big as Arizona State and, as it turned out, tougher off the boards. Rungy Randy Richardson plucked the rebounds after and Flynn Robinson put in 25 points as Wyoming won 88-31. The ton three:

1. 美国芝加哥学派 由M.H. TE (18-2)
2. 德国柏林学派 由H. H. (18-3)
3. 英国伦敦学派 [18-5]

## THE WEST

Coch Slats Gill of Oregon State waited almost half a season for Jim Jarvis, his much-talked-about but slow-to-produce sophomore, to adjust to the vagaries of varsity basketball. Last Saturday it finally happened. Jarvis scattered Gonzaga's zone defense with six long shots, wound up with 18 points and Oregon State won 63-47.

Utah State's LaDell Andersen found patience had some rewards, too. He told his team to let Colorado State play its customary slow-down game and just to match the scoring Utah State did, and when Colorado State lost the ball with the score tied and a minute to play, Andersen's boys were ready. Phil Johnson made six quick points and Utah State had the game 75-68.

But there wasn't enough patience in all the world to quiet Washington's John Grayson. His team scored exactly two baskets in the first half against Stanford, the second one only 12 seconds before the buzzer. Needless to say, the Indians took that game, 57-48, then beat the Huskies again, 58-49, to hold the Big Six lead.

In other games, Seattle beat Gonzaga 90-59; Idaho defeated Washington State 72-65; Brigham Young beat Utah 71-53. The top three:

1. STAMPESS (10-3)
2. ORELSON STATE (10-4)
3. MTAN STATE (10-10)

# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## SPELLBOUND

Sirs:

After reading Roy Terrell's delightful article about cruising in the Grenadines (*Five Characters in Search of Summer*, Jan. 21), I seriously question the author's sanity. Why would any man in his right mind ever want to return to New York City's 9-to-5 world after such a trip? If you value Terrell's services I suggest you keep an eye on him.

As I read the article, riding on Lexington Avenue's underground, answer to the *Eleven*, I looked up and noticed my stop. Undismayed, I continued on a northerly tack four stops past my own. After another 15¢ fare, I returned to my stop and walked the usual three blocks, but I didn't notice the cold and wind nearly as much. Many thanks to Roy Terrell for such enjoyable and spell-binding reading.

THOMAS H. SHAFER JR.

New York City

## SHORT CIRCUIT

Sirs:

It's interesting to read that according to New York publicity man Eddie Jaffe the NFL players want closed-circuit theater TV for the league's 1963 championship game (*SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, Jan. 14).

Did Mr. Jaffe ever stop to think what the public wants, especially the millions who have turned NFL turnstiles and kept them in business these past 15 years?

JAMES PHILLAN

Mumter, Ind.

## HAWK-EYED

Sirs:

Having read *The Black Hawks Are Bright Hopes* (Jan. 14), I am beginning to wonder just how anybody could beat those "big, bad, bold Chicago Black Hawks." It seems to be Arlie Schard's opinion that the Hawks are going to make a runaway of the NHL race this year. I would like to point out that the only reason they are at the top is because of Toronto's seemingly indifferent mood every time the Leafs play a team such as Boston or New York. Toronto has lost only two of nine games played with Chicago this year, and may I remind you that Chicago did not "barely" lose to Toronto last year in the finals. Toronto won, in Chicago!

Naturally, I am Toronto biased, but even the most ardent Chicago fan must admit it will be a hard struggle for any team, including the Black Hawks, to take the Stanley Cup away from our Leafs.

BLAIR SLADE

Toronto

## SPORTSMAN

Sirs:

Thanks for your most excellent cover story on Terry Baker (Jan. 7). We are grateful for this outstanding recognition of a very deserving scholar-athlete and the accompanying recognition of Oregon State University.

Terry is also alternate "Sportsman of the Year" for Oregon State University and its student body. I have never seen or heard a greater and more resounding standing ovation than that accorded Terry by more than 8,000 basketball fans on the Saturday night when he was presented with three UPI All-America football awards. Terry had just finished another remarkable basketball-playing exhibition in the Oregon State-Washington State game.

FRED M. SCHMIDT

Cervallis, Ore.

Sirs:

I have been impressed with many articles and cover pictures in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* but particularly so with the picture and story of Terry Baker. He is a fine example for all young boys—a great athlete and fine scholar.



TERRY BAKER AND MOTHER

However, I kept looking for something more until I realized there was no picture of Terry's mother, Mrs. Baker. She should be honored for her love, care and work for Terry and his brothers. Without her devotion and tenacity Terry might never have had the chance to prove himself.

F. H. EVANS

Anaheim, Calif.

● See above.—ED.

Sirs:

I had the pleasure of seeing Terry Baker perform in one of the few games that Oregon State lost (28-8 against Iowa).

Everyone in the stadium was truly impressed by Terry's mixture of running and passing, and even though he did not get much help from the rest of the team you could see his All-America quality. He is very well qualified for this fine honor.

JOHN LEONHART

Cedar Falls, Iowa

## CLEVELAND MODELS

Sirs:

Once again, in the viciously competitive world of professional sports, a coach has been fired. When a team does not measure up to expectations, it is always easier to blame the coach. The irony in the firing of Paul Brown is that the very reason for the high expectations the Cleveland fans have always had for the Browns found its origin in Paul Brown himself.

It is the height of hypocrisy for the Cleveland team to retain the name "Browns." If Owner-President Modell wishes to place his judgment on a higher plane than Paul Brown it would only be fitting to call the team the Cleveland Models.

CARE ANDERSON  
PAUL RUNIN  
DICK SARVIS

Amherst, Mass.

## VANTAGE POINT

Sirs:

I enjoyed the article on Loyola University's basketball team by Mervin Hyman and Tom Bredy (*SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, Jan. 14). It was good to see George Ireland and his team get such well-deserved praise.

However, I would like to point out that Loyola has had some very fine basketball teams of national importance since the late '20s, when the late Lennie Sachs guided a number of the Rambler teams to highly successful seasons. Sachs' 1938-39 team went undefeated in 21 games until beaten by Long Island University in the finals of what has now become the NIT.

Tom Haggerty's 1948-49 team was also a finalist in the NIT.

WALTER F. CONNERY

Wilmette, Ill.

Sirs:

You said that Loyola is "far and away the highest-scoring team in the country," but I wish to take issue with that. Gorham State Teachers College scored 1,010 points in its first 10 games this year, averaging over 100 points per game.

MAURICE JOSEPH DAWSON

Gorham, Me.

continued

# INTERESTIN

**"SMILING WIZARD OF THE CUP DEFENSE"—September 10, 1962**—Bryce Mitchell, a businessman, father, suburban householder and expert sailor, has a big grin behind which lie the tenacious experience familiar to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED readers. He used both to their utmost advantage when, as skipper of *Blatherly*, he well and successfully defended the America Cup against the strong challenge of the Australians.



**"HAPPY BLEND OF SPORT AND CASH"—May 14, 1962**—Mrs. Clinch Shyrman Payson has used this money for a lifetime of fun, family, philanthropy and friends. The SPORTS ILLUSTRATED story of this generous and generous grandmother whose life and family have been such a vital part of the American scene for more than three generations was prompted by her advent as the happy matriarch of the New York Mets.



**"A MODEST ALL-AMERICA WHO SITS ON THE HIGHEST BENCH"—December 10, 1962**—Justice Byron R. White, one of the great college and pro athletes of the '40s became a Rhodes scholar, lawyer, and big name again in 1962 when President Kennedy appointed him to the Supreme Court. Then he sat upon the pages of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED as a member of the Silver Anniversary All-America team.



**Interesting people** march across the pages of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

Many, of course, are star performers—champions. But even more importantly, *all* of them form a fascinating parade of vivid personalities from every walk of life—businessmen and statesmen, students and socialites—

# G PEOPLE

## "MAN WITH 14 POLO FIELDS"

**—October 22, 1962—**Paul Butler has a \$100-million-a-year business, pilots jet airplanes, hunts elk and mountain lions, backs Broadway shows, walks out on hot-mug parties, swims outdoors every day of the year. Over a vast and plush domain which includes 14 polo fields, he rules not as a feudal lord but as the perfectionist patron of the competitive acts which **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** readers know and love.



## "SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR"

**—January 7, 1963—**1962 produced a genius that had scouted on its way to becoming as extinct as *American pig*: the running star and the obelisk, namely, the college football hero. Such was warm and personable Terry Baker, of Oregon State, the first player in all the years of the game to be so unanimously decorated, now known to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** readers for far more than his gridiron exploits.



## "BASEBALL'S BABBLING BROOK"

**—July 9, 1962—**McL Allen, *The Voice of the Yankees*, has drowned many a fan in a flood of chatter, but **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** readers know him not only as an arresting voice but as an interesting man who combines an open face, an ambition to fulfill himself, an ability to blush when asked for his autograph and the conscientiousness to spend more time preparing than giving a broadcast.



whose common denominator is their active and enthusiastic interest in the world of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**.

Each week 1,000,000 families who share the same outlook are drawn to the magazine as readers. They, too, are active, alert, interesting and interested people. **Sports Illustrated**



“... We'll put it all in  
First National City Travelers Checks  
—they're better than money.”

FNCB Travelers Checks are better than money—  
or buried treasure. They're spendable anywhere in  
the world, but only by you. And if you lose them,  
or they are stolen, have no fear. You can get a  
prompt refund through any of FNCB's thousands  
of global refund points. And they're backed by  
First National City, best-known name in world-wide  
banking. Ask for them by name at your bank.

**Fastest refund in case of  
loss or theft**—Check any  
ATM anywhere in the U.S.  
except Alaska and Hawaii,  
toll-free phone 800-555-7373.  
UNION OPERATOR 5 for  
nearest refund location for  
information. Can  
cancel refund points in other  
countries: Alaska and Hawaii.  
principal banks.



**FIRST NATIONAL CITY BANK  
TRAVELERS CHECKS**

Member FDIC. Member of the Federal Reserve System.

## 19TH HOLE *continued*

### POWER FAILURE

Sir:

I am writing to you on behalf of all amateur sports participants, myself included, especially those engaged in intercollegiate competition. The well-publicized power struggle between the Amateur Athletic Union and the NCAA-formed United States Track and Field Federation has ruined and is ruining much of the competitive drive of some of the country's best athletes: the collegians.

What college athlete with any ability wishes to risk his chances to make the United States Olympic team by going against AAU policy?

What college athlete with any ability wishes to risk his chances of competing in an intercollegiate championship by running in an AAU-sanctioned meet?

The answer to both these questions is, emphatically, *no*!

With other countries threatening to take the crown of world track supremacy from our heads, it is no time to engage in a silly dispute over which group will back the United States Olympic group.

KING HILL

Brunswick, Me.

● For General Douglas MacArthur's solution and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's opinion, see page 5.—T.D.

### GOAL TO GO

Sir:

I have always been interested in reducing injuries in sport. A few years ago on TV I watched Howard (Hopalong) Cassidy, then with the Detroit Lions, catch an over-the-shoulder pass in Baltimore. He then bungled into the goalpost and bounced back, but held his feet and went over for the score.

In the accompanying sketch I offer an idea for flying aluminum goalposts supported by a movable steel base which would reduce the danger of injury and open up the end zone for both running and passing plays. Please note that the steel base would be entirely behind the end zone, while the uprights above the horizontal bar would be suspended directly over the goal line.

As for postgame mob vandalism, the entire surface could be coated with a clean, heavy lubricant. If you think this idea has any merit and a manufacturer would fabricate it, I'd like to send 100% of any royalties to the Boston Jimmy Fund.

AUSTIN C. DALEY

Providence



HOSPITALITY AT ORIGINAL WHITE HORSE CELLAR BEGAN THE ILLUSTRATED IN REPIICA AT HOUSE OF BROWN BROTHERS CO. N.Y.C. SOLE DISTRICTS WHITE HORSE SCOTCH BLENDED M&A PROP.



BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND • 100% SCOTCH WHISKIES

DELIGHTFUL...BECAUSE IT'S DRY

**WHITE HORSE**  
the dry Scotch



By appointment to Her Majesty the Queen,  
Scotch Whisky Distillers,  
WHITE HORSE DISTILLERS LTD., GLASGOW

Why don't you settle back  
and have a full-flavored smoke?

# Marlboro

the filter cigarette  
with the  
unfiltered taste



*You get a lot to like—  
filter,  
flavor,  
pack or box*